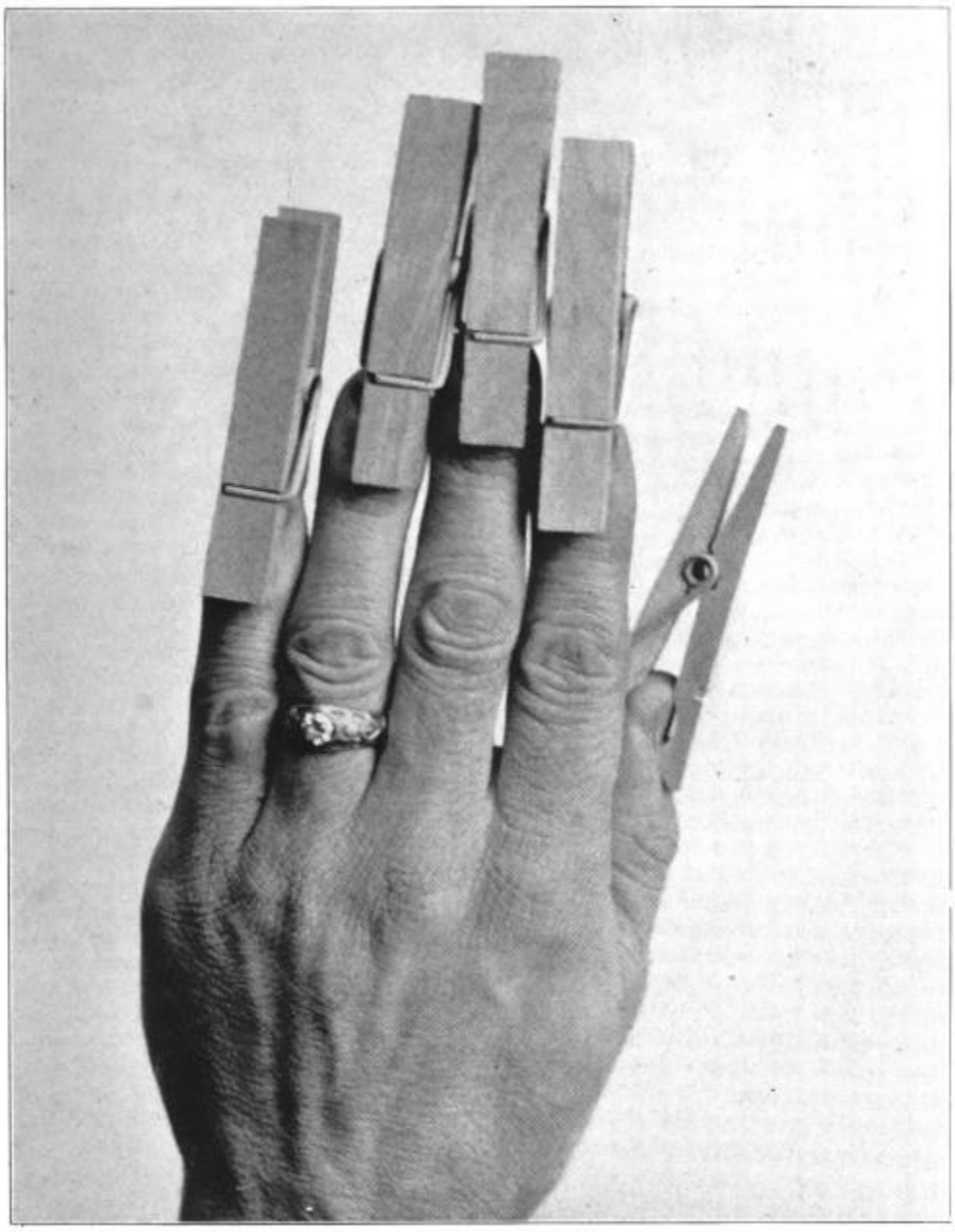
THINGS PAST QUARTERLY, SPRING 2017



FILM, TELEVISION, LITERATURE, RADIO, MUSIC, NON-FICTION

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FILM

Never Fear (1950) d. Ida Lupino
Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, Hugh O'Brien, Eve Miller
B-picture -- the only kind Lupino was allowed to do on tight budgets -- about real-life California dancer named Carol Williams (Forrest) and dance partner/fiance Guy (Brasselle) who each deal separately with Carol's sudden bout of polio is slightly-overwrought. As she strives to get her strength back at a physical rehab center, Carol is full of self-pity that pushes Guy away. He tries a career in real estate and has a flirtation with the firm's attractive secretary (Miller), a kind-hearted divorcee a few years his senior. Meanwhile, O'Brien, as an upbeat, wheelchair-bound fellow patient, crushes on Carol and tries to inspire her to get back on her feet. Fortunately, her case is not as severe as his and she gradually regains enough control of her leg muscles to be able to walk with a cane. The film is well-meaning but the script is pretty weak and the stars just adequate, with Miller giving the most compelling performance in her few scenes. PD on Internet Archive: https://archive.org/details/TheYoungLovers

Goodbye, My Fancy (1951) d. Vincent Sherman
Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Eve Arden, Frank Lovejoy, Janice Rule
Congresswoman Joan was once a Martha Gellhorn-style photojournalist during the war, alongside snide beau Lovejoy, their romance ending with conflict. Now working for Life magazine, he follows her to her alma mater where she is to be given an honor. Arden plays her butch secretary, keeping things moving with her trademark pithy running commentary. Rule, in her film debut, plays Joan's old flame (now dean) Young's earnest daughter, about to graduate. She idolizes the congresswoman, unaware of her past affair with her widowed dad. Due to the support of a dull-witted millionaire, the school has become a sort of diploma mill for debutantes and athletes who learn nothing of the world around them. Ironically, his wife is Joan's former roomie and pal, a seemingly-ditzy gadabout. Joan and Bob had a forbidden romance when he was a promising young professor at the college. She took the heat after staying out late with him one night, getting expelled in the process.

The film is pretty-well written, with a few choice lines, like Joan's "Maybe you have a deep and consuming need for peanuts." to Eve after she relates a story of her teen crush on a peanut vendor. An alternate storyline about the school's physics prof promoting a smarter approach to education is bolstered by a documentary about censorship that Joan plans on showing the graduating class. Not surprisingly, the pompous nitwit benefactor puts a stop to it and wimpy Young lets him do it, until Joan blackmails him (in a comedic fashion) to get the film shown. JC is a little too stiff for the role, which probably would have been better with Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, or Claudette Colbert. Unlike those pros, she was never very convincing as a hoity-toity intellectual. Young is his trademark nice guy, Lovejoy an ass. Ellen Corby and John Qualen have a few cute scenes as other teachers.

Across The Great Divide (1951) d. Raoul Walsh
Kirk Douglas, Virginia Mayo, Walter Brennan, John Agar
Douglas, the new federal marshal in town (or territory), stops the lynching of an accused cattle rustler and murderer (Brennan) by the victim's angry cattle baron father. The baron's surviving son is not the golden boy his brother was, but joins his father in a cross-country attempt to avenge the youth's killing. "Dresses slow you down," says Mayo, Brennan's tomboy daughter. Nevertheless, she wears one as she joins the posse taking her ornery dad, who constantly rattles Kirk, to federal court. Eventually, Kirk takes the bad son hostage after his buddy Agar is mortally wounded in a gun battle. Douglas and Mayo have deep discussions on their separate father issues, while bad son tries to bribe various surviving posse members (including Walt) for his freedom. Set in the late 19th Century, Walsh's direction ensures

plenty of outdoor action among western splendor. The film was released at the height of the House Un-American trials, and highlights such concepts as lack of solid evidence and the rule of law.

And So They Were Married (1935) d. Elliot Nugent
Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, Donald Meek, Edith Fellowes
Obnoxious rom-com about two single parents spending the Christmas holidays at a remote mountain ski resort with their bratty children. After initially disliking each other (Mary hates men after a messy divorce), each pair (adults and kids) become friends, Astor's daughter and Douglas' son aiming to break the couple apart. Adding to their unpleasant stay are two pushy hotel activities directors. The comedy is forced enough that Astor appears to want to walk off camera, and there is a cruel scene involving the boy's dog when the girl gives him a piece of soap to chew so that he appears to be rabid, running around the hotel lobby. Only asset is the outdoor scenes that appear to be shot on location in the California mountains, possibly Sun Valley.

Easy to Wed (1946) d. Edward Bunnell
Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson, Esther Williams
This is a practically verbatim remake of the vastly superior *Libeled Lady* (starring Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, William Powell, and Myrna Loy) of ten year's previous, with a few okay Johnny Green songs tossed in (Ball plays a sassy showgirl, her vocals dubbed in) and shot in Technicolor. Unfortunately, the cast doesn't come close to the original star quartet, despite the chemistry Ball & Wynn displayed in their previous roles in *Without Love*, supporting Tracy and Hepburn. Van does his best aping Powell as a newsman trying to pull one over on wildly-miscast Williams in Loy's role of a socialite humiliated by a false story of her supposedly wild life. However, the famous outdoors fishing sequence from the original is replaced by a studio-set version involving a duck hunt that suffers in comparison. Even a bit with Grant Mitchell as a hunting instructor dies on the vine with a series of lame jokes, and June Lockhart only gets a few lines as man-hungry socialite.

Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967) d. John Huston
Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Robert Forster, Julie Harris, Brian Keith, Zorro David
Shot in a pervasive sulphurous tint that doesn't really exist in the South for more than a couple of hours after a heavy rain, this over-the-top version of Carson McCullers' modern gothic novel is still kind of hypnotic in its effect. Brando is a terribly repressed gay army colonel at a post-WWII base in Georgia, who is married to vulgar sexpot Liz, who in turn is having a torrid affair with studly Keith, whose neurotic wife Harris has just returned from a stay in a sanitorium. Brando has a flaming crush on a mysterious Native American soldier (Forster) who has a knack with training horses, which he delights in riding buck-naked off duty, much to Brando's secret delight. The young corporal also has a crush on sexy Liz, into whose room he creeps nightly just to watch her sleep. David plays Harris' flamboyant Filipino houseboy, detested by the homophobic Keith, who loves his wife despite her madness (she has disfigured herself in an intimate way) and Liz's charms. Brando's most laughable moment comes during a speech that includes the line "there's much to say about men among men" in a nelly Capote-esque voice. He fetishizes items he's purloined, including the corporal's discarded candy wrapper, and a silver spoon from an effete fellow officer's tea set. Eventually, it all comes to a shamefully violent end. Such a waste of manpower. This film is a perfect example as to why Don't Ask, Don't Tell was eventually repealed.

The Arnelo Affair (1947) d. Arch Oboler
Frances Gifford, John Hodiak, George Murphy, Eve Arden, Dean Stockwell
Tempted by an attractive nightclub owner named Arnelo (Hodiak), who is represented by her dull lawyer husband (Murphy), Gifford gets mixed up with his possible involvement in a murder. Bolstered by her

acerbic gal-pal Arden and sweet son Stockwell, Gifford still finds herself hypnotically attracted to Hodiak. A sharp script and star power lift this melodrama from B-movie status; Oboler was best known for his memorable half-hour suspense and horror radio shows, as well as directing the first nuclear war feature, Five.

The Sea of Grass (1947) d. Elia Kazan
Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Edgar Buchanan, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Nelson
Naive St Louis socialite Hepburn marries brash cattle baron Tracy in his Colorado home. He's a brash, insensitive jerk who cares more about his land and cows than he does about his lovely, loving wife. Eventually, she is drawn into an affair with Douglas, a liberal judge who hates Tracy's overbearing ways, resulting in a love child she passes off as her husband's. He drives her away, insisting on keeping the children (the story is set in the sexist 1870's), who grow up to be sensitive musican Robert Walker and daddy's girl Phyllis Thaxter. Buchanan is likeable as Tracy's ranch cook, who befriends Kate and acts as loving godfather to her kids, and Nelson, as a sharecropper's wife, has an all-too-brief but impressive role as an early friend of Kate's. Despite strong direction by Kazan, this feels miscast, as if Stanwyck and Gable had passed up the chance that would have resulted in a more believable pairing, and better film.

They Met In Bombay (1941) d. Clarence Brown
Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell, Jessie Ralph, Peter Lorre, Reginald Owens
The attractiveness of Gable and Russell elevate this somewhat ordinary tale of jewel thieves on the run in pre-war Asia. Lorre is awful as usual, this time in Chinese make-up, playing a duplicitous ship's captain hot for the $10K bounty on their heads. Homely Ralph is the dowager owner of the purloined baubles which are more attractive than herself, a charmless old biddy. Aping an army captain for effect (and some spending money), Gable gets shanghaied himself by the real British command (Owen) to round up all the white folk before the Japanese take over southern China. Elaborate outdoor staging turns unexpectedly violent, where Gable's true heroic colors shine, before a satisfying conclusion.

East Side West Side (1949) d. Mervyn Le Roy
James Mason, Barbara Stanwyck, Ava Gardner, Van Heflin, Cyd Charisse, Nancy Davis
Party girls Ava and Cyd flirt with Mason, who's married to socialite Stanwyck, who winds up with Heflin when Gardner turns up dead. Ava is a sultry homewrecker, but Cyd is a sweetie. Davis has one of her better roles as Babs' wise best friend. Sophisticated mystery with romantic overtones.

Two Girls on Broadway (1940) d. S. Sylvain Simon
Joan Blondell, George Murphy, Lana Turner, Kent Taylor, Wallace Ford
Joan and Lana are sisters Molly and Pat, Murphy is Eddie, a struggling song & dance man. His career takes off first by singing on the radio, then landing a nightclub gig where he meets the girls, Pat as a promising dancer but Molly only good enough for a cigarette girl. Pat soon attracts the eye of linoleum millionaire, Chat from Chatsworth (Taylor), who's looking for wife #5; Eddie and Molly discourage the affair despite Taylor's charms. Eddie and Pat have a few good dance numbers together, one where they're all in black. Ford plays Joan's ex, a smarmy gossip columnist. There's also a rather chilling scene where Chat's Japanese valet accurately predicts the next six years.

Tish (1942) d. S. Sylvain Simon
Marjorie Main, Zasu Pitts, Aline McMahon, Lee Bowman, Guy Kibbee
Mary Roberts Rinehart's smalltown sleuth Tish comes to life via Main. She's a bossy old babe who is livid that her beloved nephew Charlie is about to marry Kit, the daughter of her arch enemy Kibbee, the town judge. Pitts and McMahon play her long-suffering pals and witty Greek chorus. Tish is such a

scold, she tells the town preacher what to preach, and her sassy black housekeeper maintains a well-filled swear box. Susan Peters plays the nice girl next door, Cora, she's picked out for Charlie. Rita Johnson plays her snotty rival, who soon informs Charlie of the girl's crush upon him. Eventually, Cora settles for her rival's dull but sweet-natured brother Ted, as Kit takes over Tish's house (where Charlie grew up), driving the old gal into the same boarding house as her lady-friends. However, the film takes an abrupt lane change, turning very serious with issues of death, an abandoned infant, and the old lady committed to an asylum. Tish was a great character in Rinehart's stories and it's a shame Hollywood chose to put Main in those awful Ma Kettle movies instead of continuing with this no-nonsense dame.

His Brother's Wife (1936) d. W. S. Van Dyke
Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Jean Hersholt
Babs marries Bob's brother Tom (John Eldredge) when Bob spurns her. He's a scientist obsessed with finding the cure to a tropical disease. She's a streetwise model (name Rita Wilson!) who gambles and runs with a ritzy crowd. Bob just happens to be a playboy as well, but after two weeks of ball games and roller coaster rides, he runs off to South America at the behest of his mentor, Hersholt. The catch: he's also deep in debt to the casino they both use and only has 24 hours to pay it back. The smitten Stanwyck tracks him down and tries to win him back after divorcing Tom. Ridiculous story but I think this was the flick where Babs and Bob fell in love and married soon after.

The Woman in Red (1935) d. Robert Florey
Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond, Genevieve Tobin, John Eldredge
BS is married to hunky blond polo player Raymond. She's a champion horse trainer and rider, and they open up their own stables & training facility, but money soon becomes tight. Eldredge, Babs' platonic pal, is blamed when a drunken showgirl falls overboard from a chartered yacht and drowns. Tobin is Raymond's ex-girlfriend, a rich bitch who spreads lies about Babs. All this culminates in a court case where Stanwyck simultaneously tries to save her buddy from prosecution and restore her husband's honor.

Rich Man, Poor Girl (1937) d. Rheinhold Schunzel
Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Lana Turner, Lew Ayres, Guy Kibbee
Bill (Young), a wealthy businessman, asks Joan (Hussey), his secretary, to marry him. She brings him home to meet her eccentric family: middle-class dad Kibbee, socialist loafer brother Henry (Ayres), cute kid sister Helen (a brunette Turner), and Helen's vulgar boyfriend. Bill is not fazed and is so willing to improve their lives by marrying skeptical Joan, he moves in with them for a weekend, enduring a creaky cot and then treating them to a trip on his yacht. He even finagles a job (in Rio) for Henry, who's unsurprisingly ungrateful. Ultimately, Bill gives most of his fortune away to charity to prove himself worthy of Joan. It's an interesting take on rich versus poor and the lengths a man will go just to win a girl.

The War Against Mrs. Hadley (1942) d. Harold S. Bucquet
Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold, Jean Rogers, Van Johnson, Richard Ney, Spring Byington, Sara Haden
Mrs. Hadley (Bainter, in an Oscar-nominated turn) is a widowed Washington matron who insists on ignoring the war because it cramps her style. Her kids, Pat (Rogers) and Ted (Ney) and congressman ex-beau (Arnold) are present at her December 7th, 1941 birthday when the news from Pearl Harbor *dares* to ruin her special day. She even shows more concern for an heirloom accidentally broken by a maid whose brother is serving in Hawaii, though she lets the girl go home to her mother and the brother survives the battle. Mrs. Hadley is insulted when her chauffeur chooses to sign up for service on Christmas Eve, and daughter Pat *dares* to spend time with the troops at a USO canteen, where Rogers

meets Mike (Johnson), a lovesick blue-collar G.I.. "People are acting so strangely," ponders Mrs. H. as her son is drafted and she trivializes a blackout drill. Meanwhile her best friend (Byington), a well-meaning ditz, has joined the other rich ladies of DC in learning first aid and other useful things. Pat eventually meets Mike's Irish ma (Haden), and Pat's mom cuts the congressman out of her life when he refuses to stop Ted from going overseas. The liberal Mike reveals that he used to be an advertising man on Pat's conservative dad's newspaper. Eventually, Mrs. Hadley's house of cards all comes tumbling down and she is forced to face reality.

Twilight of Honor (1963) d. Boris Sagal
Richard Chamberlain, Claude Rains, Nick Adams, James Gregory, Joey Heatherton
Earnest young New Mexico lawyer (Chamberlain) defends lower-class ex-Air Force schlub Adams (who amazingly got an Oscar nod for this), accused of murdering his wealthy employer (Pat Buttram). Unfortunately the whole town is against him, except the victim's wife (Jeanette Nolan) who knew that her sheriff husband was cheating on her. She's willing to let the perp get life in order to keep the adultery aspect quiet and save her family honor. Rains, in his final screen role, plays Chamberlain's mentor and dispenser of fatherly advice. Gregory is the ambitious, sleazeball prosecutor. .Joey is Adams' slutty wife, Laura Mae; their case is that he killed Buttram for aggressively lusting after her. The whole story is a low-rent remake of the superior 1959 flick *Anatomy of a Murder*, complete with sordid details.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w4JkOfvkh0o
A young boy encounters jellyfish-like aliens on the night that radio-star Orson Welles presented *War of the Worlds*, October 31st, 1937. Professional production is effective use of the short (15 minute) run-time for YouTube.

SPOTLIGHT ON… DIRECTOR ARCHIE MAYO

(1891-1968) Most important for directing a series of memorable flicks for Warner Brothers studio in the 1930's, such as *Bordertown, The Petrified Forest*, & *It's Love I'm After* (starring Bette Davis), John Barrymore as *Svengali*, Edward G. Robinson in *The Man With Two Faces*, and James Cagney as *The Mayor of Hell*. Career sadly tapered off into the the 40's, with only a few minor successes, like *Crash Dive* and *Angel on My Shoulder*.

Ever In My Heart (1933) d. Archie Mayo
Barbara Stanwyck, Otto Kruger, Frank Albertson, Ralphy Bellamy
New England socialite Stanwyck marries German professor Kruger in the pre-WWI era. They have a lovely marriage and a cute son together, but when the war shows up on their doorstep right after Kruger becomes a naturalized American citizen, tongues begin to wag about his loyalties to his new country.

Albertson plays Babs' brother, who at first is supportive of the couple, then begins to doubt it after the May 1915 sinking of the Lusitania, upon which his best buddy dies. Other 'friends' begin to politely refuse invites to the couple's parties, except the stalwart Bellamy. After money from Kruger's German investments dries up, he is also fired from the university just because of his heritage. The ultimate tragedy occurs when their son falls deathly ill during the subsequent hot summer, and bullies viciously attack his cute pet dachsund just because it's a German breed. Kruger takes a job at a railroad and Babs mother comes to the rescue just in time to save her starving daughter. She goes home with her mom and eventually divorces Kruger after he joins the German army. Then she winds up overseas managing a canteen, where she reconnects first with soldier Bellamy and then with her ex-husband, who has become disillusioned once again with his decisions. It's actually an effective romantic melodrama with intelligent social undertones.

Under Eighteen (1932) d. Archie Mayo
Marian Marsh, Anita Page, Warren William, Regis Toomey
Marsh, the middle-class NJ teen of the title, gets involved with theater producer William after the Depression lands her in a dress shop as a seamstress-turned-model. An aging playboy, complete with a swimming pool full of bathing beauties at his penthouse suite, he's actually not a bad sort. In the meantime, her sister (Page) marries her ne'erdowell pool hustler boyfriend, resulting in a baby and eviction that lands them back with their now-widowed mother in a tenement apartment. Toomey plays Marsh's milkman boyfriend, who continues to love her even as he overhears her telling her mother that she's leaving him to become a rich man's mistress, so desperate is she to claw out of poverty and support her family. Eventually, Toomey shows up at the penthouse during a wild party and rescues his girl, despite some complications that have to be seen to be believed. This is a good little time-passer.

Two Against The World (1932) d. Archie Mayo
Constance Bennett, Neil Hamilton
Bennett is a rich girl who falls for poor but honest lawyer Hamilton, who is representing the widow of a man who worked for Connie's greedy tycoon father. She's so privileged that she tears up a parking ticket after leaving her car in the middle of the street, blocking traffic on both sides. As their romance inevitably develops, her nelly brother tries to break it up at a house party on Long Island. CB redeems herself at one point by giving the widow $100 and promising the same amount monthly until the case is settled, with the lady promising in turn to keep it a secret from Hamilton. The couple reunite over a dish of baked beans at a diner, where they had previously met after the parking snafu. Meanwhile, her bitchy bro tries to redeem him-self by having it out with their married sister's lover, resulting in a murder and trial that is exploited by the press, in the form of nosy crusading reporter Roscoe Karns. Ultimately, Bennett has to testify in her brother's defense, but she hates Hamilton for bringing about the trial. Of course, there's a creatively happy ending.

PD Star of the Quarterly: *Marian Marsh*

(1913-2006) After turning heads as Trilby to John Barrymore's *Svengali*, this pretty ingenue wound up in a series of B-movies. Her career appears to have suffered due to the churning out of hits by WB in the early 30's, which made her flee to Europe for a time, returning to play the lead in *Girl of the Limberlost*. Then she signed with smaller studio Columbia Pictures, working with Josef von Sternberg on *Crime and Punishment* (1935). A year later, she joined RKO, co-starring with Van Heflin in *Saturday's Heroes* (1936), and later in flicks with comics Joe E. Brown and Harry Langdon. In the 50's she did television, such as *Bachelor Father* and *Schlitz Playhouse*, retiring in 1959. She had two children with her first husband, a stockbroker, and found love again with an aviator/entrepreneur named Cliff Henderson, who founded the town Palm Desert in California. Marsh herself founded Desert Beautiful in the 60's, a non-profit dedicated to environmental conservation, and the town honored her with her own day (October 17) a year before her death at age 93.

https://archive.org/details/SvengaliJohnBarrymoreBKCap1931
Svengali, Marian Marsh's debut

https://archive.org/details/AManOfSentiment1933
* Released: 1933-09-15 * Drama Romance (Eng US) * 1930s Pre-Code B&W Film
* Chesterfield Motion Pictures Corporation
* PRODUCER: Geo R. Batcheller * DIRECTOR: Richard Thorpe
* WRITER: Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Story); Robert Ellis (Dialogue & Screenplay)
* STARRING: Marian Marsh; Owen Moore; Christian Rub; William Bakewell; Emma Dunn; Edmund Breese; Geneva Mitchell

https://archive.org/details/Murder_by_Invitation_1941
Murder by Invitation
by Phil Rosen
Wallace Ford, Dave O'Brien,Marsh
Murders in an old dark house.
Run time 64 minutes 48 seconds
Published 1941

https://archive.org/details/Notorious_But_Nice

Notorious But Nice

by Mack Sennett Studios, Directed by Richard Thorpe

Marian Marsh, Betty Compson, Don Dillaway, Rochelle Hudson, John St. Polis, J. Carrol Naish

Dick and Jenny are in love, but the lawyer who controls Dick's sizable inheritance will do anything to keep them apart, including framing Jenny for murder. But Jenny has a secret . Run time 71 minutes 23 seconds

https://archive.org/details/PrisonNurse_108

Prison Nurse

Marian Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, Minerva Urecal, Henry Wilcoxon

Three young nurses volunteer to help in a state prison that has an outbreak of typhoid fever and get caught in an prison riot and break out.

Run time 51 minutes 35 seconds

https://archive.org/details/AGirlOfTheLimberlost1934

* Released: 1934-04-29 * Drama (Eng US) * Monogram Pictures Corporation
* Cert. #190 * WRITER: Gene Stratton-Porter (Aug 1909)
* PRODUCER: Wm.T. Lackey * DIRECTOR: Christy Cabanne
* STARRING: Louise Dresser; Ralph Morgan; Marian Marsh; Henry B. Walthall
* SYNOPSIS: Young woman faces cold neglect by her mother, who feels ruined by death of husband, who drowned in the swamp quicksand. She blames her daughter for his death, as she was giving birth to her, instead of being with him to save his life.

FEUD: BETTE AND JOAN

March-April 2017 FX Network; producer-writer: Ryan Murphy; directors Helen Hunt, et al

Murphy's "love letter" to the final days of the Hollywood studio era begins with a deconstruction of *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?,* moves through *Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte*, and ends with the immortal *Trog* as Davis (Susan Sarandon) and Crawford (Jessica Lange) are manipulated by hateful s.o.b. Jack Warner (Stanley Tucci) into the title bitchfest just so he could make a profit off their collective misery, by way of long-suffering director Robert Aldrich (Alfred Molina) and vile gossip diva Hedda Hopper (Judy Davis). The entire cast is at the top of their game in this project, but most likely Lange will emerge the winner in various acting contests this fall. Her JC is not about impersonation so much as it is about the heart and soul of a very vain fading beauty, who still cannot accept that talent (in the form of Miss Davis) is more important than mere looks and style. Lange is the mistress of melancholy, a talent she's honed since she played the lesser talent Frances Farmer almost 40 years ago. The other Davis as Hopper is a shoo-in for her support work, perfectly capturing the infamous red-baiting, homophobic hag of Hollywood at the end of her less-than-stellar career. Some are also talking favorably about Jackie Hoffman's portrayal of Crawford's stalwart Cherman maid, Mamacita, but her role is largely in the form of comic relief. Also good are the younger actors playing Victor Buono and Davis' ungrateful daughter, Barbara Merrill (*Mad Men*'s Kiernan Shipka). Sarandon has some good scenes as Bette but she lacks some of the real lady's warmth, making her come off as relentlessly cruel and needlessly bitter, as *her* career flourished after *Baby Jane* well into her final years on Earth, while Crawford sank into sad obscurity. Art direction, costumes, and other technical elements are pretty much spot-on, but I thought that the script girl character Pauline, who was supposed to be an amalgamation of various studio workers for Aldrich and others, a pointless cop-out. The scene where she tries to sell her own script to Crawford with the intent to direct it herself does lead to a great lambasting about the accuracies of the business of film-making that upset ever-naïve millennials on social media watching the series no end.

TV

https://archive.org/details/FourStarPlayhouseLastVoyage
Charles Boyer
https://archive.org/details/Mr.MummerysSuspicion
Roland Young
https://archive.org/details/StudioOne_FlowersFromAStranger
Yul Brynner
https://archive.org/details/OzzieAndHarrietLittleHouseGuest
Barry Livingston
https://archive.org/details/TalesOfTomorrow-FuryOfTheCocoon

Nancy Coleman
https://archive.org/details/FourStarPlayhouseLadyOfTheOrchids
An episode of "Four Star Playhouse", a popular 1950s anthology series. This episode stars Lilli Palmer, John Howard, Robert Paige, and Phyllis Stanley. In this episode, a woman feels neglected by her husband. This aired on 18 March 1954 on CBS at 8:30PM
https://archive.org/details/BurkesLaw
The only PD episode of Burke's Law. Episode Title: "Who Killed Jason Shaw" S1 E15
This show was originally set to air on 22 November 1963. It was pushed back by the network's coverage of John F Kennedy's assassination. Featuring Tammy Grimes.

Screenshot of Joan Crawford and lucky contestant on **Password**, 1963.
https://archive.org/details/PasswordJoanCrawfordVs.BarryNelson_201509

AFRO-CENTRIC

https://archive.org/details/nowisthetime_201512
Published 1967 Topics Poetry, African Americans, African Americans, Poetry
'Now Is the Time' featured actors Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis doing in-studio readings from the passionate writings of American Negroes as cameras caught on-location illustrative and impressionistic films of Philadelphia Negroes. A unique anthology of American Negro attitudes from the earliest days of subservience to current times of heightened self-respect."
Includes footage of a church service, elderly women, children playing, decayed apartment buildings, protest marches and rallies, lunch counter sit-ins, and violent encounters between protesters and police. Includes readings from from the writings of: Langston Hughes, James Baldwin, Lucy Smith, Claude Brown, Countee Cullen, Paul Lawrence Dunbar,etc

https://archive.org/details/cabemrc_00006
James Baldwin: questions and answers
by University of California, Berkeley, Office of Media Services
Published April 26, 1974
Streaming

https://archive.org/details/cabemrc_00008

A conversation with Angela Davis
Same source
Published 1971

DOCUMENTARIES

https://archive.org/details/Highlightsof20thCenturyMusic
Multipart doc Hawaii PBS

https://archive.org/details/0881_Land_For_Pioneers_04_43_50_00#
Land For Pioneers by National Film Board of Canada
B/W 14.05 Production Company: International Film Bureau Inc.

https://archive.org/details/FarmerMi1920
Farmer Miller Goes Into High Gear (Part I)
by Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
ca 1920 Silent B/W 11.07

https://archive.org/details/FashionH1940
Fashion Horizons by Donahue (Harry D.)
Southwestern U.S. travelogue flies around in modern 1930s airplanes, stopping off at Albuquerque and an Arizona dude ranch, all the time focusing on fashions worn by its cargo of aspiring Paramount starlets. Excellent pre-World War II fashion footage in Kodachrome, plus documentation of affluent tourist destinations. Produced and directed by Harry D. Donahue. With Mary Martin and native tribes.
Published 1940 19 minutes

https://archive.org/details/SeeHowTheyGrowJungle
1996
A children's video series designed to teach pre-schoolers all about animals. Based on the best-selling books published by Dorling Kindersley, these tales have an easy-to-follow structure that will appeal to young ones.

https://archive.org/details/VoicesAndVisionsWhitman
"Brilliant readings of Whitman's poems demonstrate his American vision and style and vividly convey their poignance and sheer power. Whitman's sources, including Emerson, the King James Bibe, opera, and political oratory, are revealed."
by New York Center for Visual History
Published 1988
Despite the commentary of Al Ginsberg, this is the one that laughably tries to downplay his sexuality.

BOOKS

https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/51245
Helen Gansevoort (Edwards) Mackay

1876-1961

https://archive.org/details/chillhours00mackgoog
Chill Hours
Helen Gansevoort (Edwards) Mackay
Published 1920
Topics World War, 1914-1918

https://archive.org/details/accidentals00mackgoog
Accidentals
by Helen Mackay
Published 1915

https://archive.org/details/inthosedaysafric00kane
In those days :African-American life near the Savannah River
by Kane, Sharyn, 1950-; Keeton, Richard, 1946-
1994

https://archive.org/details/diaryofpioneerot00sanf
The diary of a pioneer and other papers
by Searls, Niles, 1825-1907
[San Francisco],[Pernau-Walsh Print. Co.]
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Topics Overland journeys to the Pacific, Frontier and pioneer life

https://archive.org/details/bettyslastbetfar00elli
Betty's last bet, a farce-comedy in three acts
by Ellis, Edith, 1876-1961
1921
Author of film adapted as *Rich Man, Poor Girl* (based on her 1925 play "White Collars")
Her older brother, Edward, was a character actor in Hollywood (*The Thin Man, A Man to Remember*) in the 30's & 40's.

https://archive.org/details/cubiesabcnewyork00lyal
1913 satire on cubism

JSTOR POETRY

https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Heyward%2C+DuBose%22&and[]=collection%3A%22jstor_ejc%22
Heyward, DuBose

https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Sanders%2C+Emmy+Veronica%22
Sanders, Emmy Veronica

https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Wescott%2C+Glenway%22&and[]=collection%3A%22jstor_ejc%22

Wescott, Glenway

https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Bogan%2C+Louise%22&and[]=collection%3A%22jstor_ejc%22
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https://archive.org/search.php?query=collection%3Ajstor_poetry+AND+volume%3A20&sort=creatorSorter

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The sacred wood : essays on poetry and criticism
by Eliot, T. S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965
Published 1921
Topics Criticism, Literature

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Others, an Anthology of the New Verse
by Alfred Kreymborg
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https://archive.org/details/floresdeespaani00fontgoog
Flores de Espan~a; nine selected stories
by Fontaine, C. (Camille), 1855-1923
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Various writers

https://archive.org/details/spanishamerican00unkngoog
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Published 1922

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Cuentos de la Ame´rica Espan~ola
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http://www.unz.org/Pub/Scribners-1927apr-00358
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Vidal

AUDIOBOOK

https://archive.org/details/fortconcho_1704_librivox

LibriVox recording of Fort Concho; Its Why And Wherefore by J. N. Gregory.
Read in English by David Wales.
Fort Concho was a U.S. Army post in central Texas from 1867 to 1889. It figured considerably in the Indian Wars, notably against the Comanches. It mainly served to protect frontier settlers, stagecoaches, wagon trains, the U.S. mail, and trade routes. This 1957 book, published by the museum at the site of the fort, is the story of its activities. - Summary by David Wales

RADIO

https://archive.org/details/JeanShepherd1966/1966_01_14_World_Records_Obscene_Bathmat.mp3

https://archive.org/details/1970-1979RadioNews/1970-05-04-NBCTV-Nightly-News.mp3

https://archive.org/details/Interview_on_Strength_Through_Failure_With_Fabio_41509-2672/Throbbing_Gristle_-_01_-_TG_Interview_Pt_I.mp3

ROCK VIDEOS

80's Alternative Dance Party

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z1CUoImkz9w
Moev - "In Your Head"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SGi3AvfFfuA

Exposé - Come Go with Me

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fL7Za5waqls
Jody Watley - Don't You Want Me

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=33W3kMS2vp0
Heaven 17 - Penthouse And Pavement

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S0JCoMYpiA0
Mo-Dettes - White Mice

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QEQkIEkxm7k
Martha and the Muffins - Echo Beach

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uF3NF0yre2g
The Passions - Jump For Joy

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XsLAY1OdZrA
Vivien Goldman - Launderette

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HdfPwhJ1YKg
Non-Erotic Male Bonding (NEMB) - The Middle Room
Tampa-based

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=INLDKYPKcQU
King of Culture - Cut Shut
Tampa-related

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2ayugcxxo6k
Liliput - Die Matrosen

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gze5hap2BOI
Bush Tetras - Things That Go Boom In The Night
Live-2006

PERIODICALS

Chapman, Edith; [i.e., Edith Chapman Tracy] (?-1942) Milwaukee,WI (chron.)

* Classical Case, (ss) The Pagan Jun 1920
* Emancipation, (ss) The Smart Set Jun 1920
* Fetishes, (ss) Youth, A Magazine of the Arts Oct 1921
* Finale, (ss) The Pagan Oct/Nov 1921
* Golden Fleece, (ss) The Pagan Feb 1920

* Growing Pains, (ss) The Midland Apr 1921
* The Hegira, (ss) The Double Dealer Nov 1922----------
* Immune, (ss) The Smart Set Jul 1921
* The Inevitable Eve, (ss) The Smart Set Aug 1920
* Invocation, (pm) The Smart Set Dec 1920
* The Ivory Tower, (ss) The Double Dealer Nov 1921
* The Mid-Victorians, (ss) The Smart Set Feb 1920
* Pandora, (ss) The Smart Set May 1920
* Polished Surfaces, (ss) The Double Dealer May 1922
* A Question of Values, (ss) The Smart Set Sep 1920
* Reductio ad Absurdum, (ss) The Smart Set Jan 1920
* Self-Deliverance, or the Stanton Way, (ss) The Pagan Apr/May 1920

W. Somerset Maugham Publications in periodicals

"An Irish Gentleman" in The Strand Magazine, September 1904
"Don Sebastian" October 1898 Cosmopolis: A Literary Review
"Cupid and the Vicar of Swale" 7 February 1900 Punch
"Lady Habart" 9 May 1900 Punch
"Schiffbrüchig" 1903 The Venture
"Pro Patria" February 1903 The Pall Mall Magazine
"A Man of Honour" March 1903 The Fortnightly Review
"A Point of Law" September 1904 The Strand Magazine
"An Irish Gentleman" September 1904 The Strand Magazine pg 285
"A Rehearsal" 6 December 1905 The Sketch
"Flirtation" 3 February 1906 Daily Mail
"The Fortunate Painter and the Honest Jew" 7 March 1906 Bystander
"A Marriage of Convenience" 23 June 1908 The Illustrated London News
"The Making of a Millionaire" July 1906 The Lady's Realm
"Good Manners" May 1907 Windsor Magazine
"Cousin Amy" March 1908 The Pall Mall Magazine
"The Happy Couple" May 1908 Cassell's Magazine
"A Traveller in Romance" 1909 Printer's Pie Annual
"The Mother" April 1909 Story-Teller
"Pygmalion at Home and Abroad" May 1914 The English Review
"Gerald Festus Kelly: Student of Character" January 1915 The Studio
"Mackintosh" November 1920 Cosmopolitan
"Miss Thompson" April 1921 The Smart Set
"Red" April 1921 Asia
"On Writing for the Films" May 1921 North American Review
"The Pool" September 1921 Cosmopolitan
"Honolulu" October 1921 Everybody's Magazine
"My South Sea Island" 31 January 1922 Daily Mail
"Foreign Devils"February 1922 Asia
"Fear" March 1922 The Century Magazine
"A City Built on a Rock" March 1922 Youth
"Philosopher" 18 April 1922 McClure's Magazine

"Two Studies – Mr Pete; The Vice-Consul" 8 July 1922 Saturday Review
"Taipan" October 1922 Pearson's Magazine
"The Princess and the Nightingale" December 1922 Pearson's Magazine and Good Housekeeping
"Before the Party" December 1922 Nash's Magazine

SELECTIONS FROM THE DULUTH TRIBUNE OF THE EARLY 1920'S

ETERNAL TRIANGLE; ONE MAN SHOT

Sam Poivanen, farmer at Markhan in the town of Colvin, is in a hospital at Biwabik suffering from the effects of two gunshot wounds received yesterday morning and Gust Cassel, his alleged assailant, is believed to be in hiding in the woods, according to word which reached the sheriff's office late yesterday. The sheriff is investigating.

Trouble between Poivanen and Cassel is reported by neighbors to have started when Poivanen accused Cassel of paying too much attention to Mrs. Poivanen. Poivanen was working in the potato field near his house at the time. After some words, Poivanen is alleged to have started after Cassel with a potato fork. Cassel is said to have run a short distance and then to have turned on Poivanen, his pursuer, and fired several shots.

One of the shots passed through Poivanen's thigh and another through his hip.

A posse searched the woods in the vicinity of Markham last night, but did not find Cassel.

GIRL'S ASSAILANT SAID TO HAVE BOARDED TRAIN

Viola, Wis., Oct. 2.—Following a trail through cornfields and swamps and woods, two posses of farmers and villagers, led by bloodhounds, spent the night southeast of Viola in search of the black-bearded moron who assaulted Ruth Barkley, 13, on her way to school. Today the posses were working ten miles southeast of Viola, headed toward Muscoda.

Advices at 10 o'clock today were that a man answering the description of the assailant got on a westbound train on the Prairie du Chien division of the Milwaukee road at Muscoda this morning. Officers have been instructed to search the train.

Doctors declare Ruth Barkley will recover. Although struck a blow on the head which rendered her unconscious, her assailant inflicted only a scalp wound. She is suffering principally from nervousness and fright.

Efficient Housekeeping

By Laura A. Kirkman.

THE STUFFED APPLE IN THE COMPANY MEAL.

LAST Wednesday I wrote about apple baked dishes for the family table. Today I am going to deal with the subject of the stuffed apple.

The stuffed apple is distinctly a phase of "fancy" cooking and is perhaps more suitable for a company meal than for everyday use (although, to be sure, now and then every woman enjoys surprising her family by serving fancy dishes which require a good deal of time and trouble to prepare). The following menus for Sunday night guest suppers contain recipes of this nature:

Sardine Salad
Pruned Apples
Hot Chocolate Orange Layer Cake

Pruned Apples—Wash and soak one-half pound of prunes several hours in cold water, then drain off the water and put it into a saucepan with one-half cup of sugar; let it boil two or three minutes. Pare four apples and remove their cores; place them in the hot prune sirup and let them cook until tender. Then gently remove them to individual plates (this recipe is for four portions) and put the prunes into the hot sirup, letting them also cook until tender. When the prunes are tender remove their stones and pack them very carefully into the hole left in the apple by the removal of the cores. Pour the hot sirup over all. Let cool, then chill on ice. Serve topped with whipped cream.

Sliced Veal Loaf
Raisined Apples
Coffee Orange Layer Cake

Raisined Apples—Wash, core and remove the pulp from six apples, leaving a good shell to hold the following stuffing: Put one cup of raw apple through a food chopper, also one cup of seedless raisins and one-half tablespoon of lemon juice. Stuff the apples with this mixture and place them on a greased baking tin. Now make a sirup in a saucepan of one cup of water, one cup sugar and one-half tablespoon of butter; bring this to the boiling point, let boil for three or four minutes, then pour it over the apples in the baking tin. Place the baking tin in the oven (a moderate oven) and let bake for about twenty minutes. Serve either hot or cold. If served cold, chill and top with whipped cream.

B. W.—Answer: I regret that you did not either send your name and address with a stamped envelope or else write me further in advance of the date when you had to have the reply—for this week is too late for me to be of service to you in helping you plan the birthday party you refer to. You see, I receive so many letters signed with initials only, and these must be answered in turn through the column, but if a reader will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply she will hear from me promptly.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Kirkman in care of the "Efficient Housekeeping" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be inclosed with the question.—The Editor.

Side Talks

By Ruth Cameron.

"THAT'S DI FFERENT."

A friend came to me the other day in a bitter mood.

Her husband had put her in a very hard position. Having accepted a week-end invitation from friends of theirs (and especially of hers) he had changed his mind about wanting to go. And she, he said, must get him out of it. They were people to whom she felt under obligations; she didn't think his reasons for changing sufficient, and she rebelled at the idea of lying, as she would have to lie, to spare their feelings.

That Made Her Maddest.

"And the most maddening part of it is that last summer when some of his friends had invited us for an evening—not a week-end, mind you—and my dearest girlhood friend, that I hadn't seen for four years, was going to be in town that one evening, and I wanted him to excuse me, he was awfully indignant and made such a fuss that I finally gave it up."

"Why don't you remind him of that and how he felt then?" I suggested.

"Do you know what he'd say?"

"No."

"'That's different'."

"But how could he say it was different? I should think it was almost the same, except that you had more excuse."

It's Always Different in His Case.

"So should I," she said, "but I know just as well as I know the sun will rise tomorrow morning, that he will say that. And he will have some reason to give and there won't be a Chinaman's chance of my making him admit anything different. He's that way if you try to switch a thing around and apply it to him as he applies it to other people. He can always tell you a reason why it's different in his case. I never yet knew him to admit that there wasn't some circumstance which made it different for him. And sometimes in spite of all of his good points, and I know he has lots of them, it seems as if I simply could not stand that."

Did you ever know anyone with that form of mental blindness, Reader-friend?

And if you have, did you ever know anything more exasperating?

It gives one such a feeling of helplessness, such a feeling of not being able to get at a person.

Things Sometimes Are Different.

Of course things sometimes are different. Circumstances do alter cases, and there may be times when what looks like a reversed condition is not one at all. (It may even have been true in the case of this tale of woe that the woman was unconsciously suppressing or coloring facts in a way that altered the aspects of the case.) And there are people who have a mental blindness in not being able to understand this.

I suppose the only thing one can do is to try very hard when one says "that's different" not to be swayed by personal feeling—and equally hard not to be swayed by personal feelings into unjustly resenting the other person's "that's different." Of course that does not save one from the other person's mental blindness, but after all one is not responsible for that.

Matrimonial Jokes Becoming Threadbare

Solomon probably knew as much about matrimony as Nat Goodwin or Willard Mack, and yet the matrimonial joke is still flourishing, and no doubt the same quips that Solomon used to indulge in to amuse his friends are being sprung with gusto and elation on the vaudeville stage today. To be a husband, a wife, or a mother-in-law still puts one in jeopardy with the jokesmiths, and the you-tell-'em craze has much to do with matrimony and other phases of relationship between men and women.

There is something to be said in favor of "silent" acts in vaudeville. They at least keep clear of the mother-in-law, the young wife's biscuits, the irate prospective father-in-law, and the future son-in-law's poverty. There seems to be a hundred other angles to these jokes and all of them are being worked overtime.

The best way of stamping out the wave of joke crime would be to fine players for attempting to palm off any of these hoary monstrosities as new or else limit players to a certain number of them in one act. The public can stand a few old jokes and still keep on eating regularly, but to have a diet of these moldy crusts of humor takes away the appetite.

Prohibition is offering a new morsel that is being seized upon with avidity and will be handled in various forms for some time. The situation is becoming critical and unless Henry Ford breaks into the limelight with something fresh, there is going to be a hard winter for the comedians.

Upheaval Caused By Film Stars' Deaths

Friends of the motion picture professior have been shocked recently by the death o two film actresses who were greatly admired These were Olive Thomas, who died in Paris and Gladys Goulding in Los Angeles. Investigations following these trage dies have revealed startling conditions, which call for publicity of the righ kind that certain evils may be wiped out and improvements made in socia conditions in the film colonies.

This is not due to any personal desire to cast reflection upon persons in the film industry, as it is generally the most brilliant and most admirable type of player who is affected and damaged most, as in the case of Miss Thomas and Miss Goulding, and there is a movement on foot to clear the film colonies of drugs, stimulants and all narcotics of a dangerous character. If this is done, it will be a big help to motion pictures and all connected with them. Conditions are revealed in a report coming from San Francisco:

"According to physicians who are dealing especially with such cases, there are many Olive Thomases and Gladys Gouldings.

"Caught up by the gay whirl of artificial pleasure, living beyond their normal strength, looking first to one stimulant and then another that keeps them from falling out of the struggle for preferment, the most vivacious and attractive women are said to be turning more and more to drugs.

"Drugs have crept insidiously into movie circles where the fascination of a life lived at full speed and under the glamour of a theatrical environment, has doubled the temptation. Drugs have lurked insistently in the wings and green rooms of the theater, where men and women daily face the necessity of rising to a high pitch of nervous tension and nerve control to step out before calm and unimpassioned audiences which they must arouse to one emotion or another.

"The opinion of those who are demanding that something be done to stop this social tragedy, coming out into public view only on the occasion of an untimely death, is that the present legal prohibition of drugs is not stopping the use of drugs.

"Justus Wardell, collector of internal revenue in San Francisco, has supervision of all narcotics legally dispensed through physicians there. He has a squad of men detained to prevent illegal traffic in drugs. Still the drug peddler plies his trade and the drug addict gets his "dope."

"Wardell has a plan which he has constantly advocated as being the only practical method of preventing the drug habit and bringing the use of drugs under control. He proposes a clinic and a government institution where habitual drug users either may be cured or taken in charge.

"Louis Zeh, secretary of the state board of pharmacy, said there was no question that the use of drugs has gained a tremendous hold in the movie

habitual drug users either may be cured or taken in charge.

"Louis Zeh, secretary of the state board of pharmacy, said there was no question that the use of drugs has gained a tremendous hold in the movie camps of Southern California. The records of the board show that with all the prosecutions of drug users and drug sellers, there has been little improvement in the state.

"'The situation relative to narcotic addicts and the drug habit,' he said, 'is virtually unchanged from a year ago.

"'Records in our office show that Los Angeles has more than twice as many registered addicts as the rest of the state combined.

"'This is due, we believe, to the fact that large quantities of drugs are smuggled across the Mexican border.'"

THE WWI JOURNALS OF HELEN MACKAY

Mackay, not to be confused with a Scottish pediatrician of the same era, was the wife of an American businessman in Europe throughout the teens and twenties. Her service as a nurse during the first world war later earned her honors from the French government before she passed away in 1961. Following are observations and short stories from that period which she kept in a journal.

Potatoes and War
by Helen Mackay, *Accidentals*, 1915

All morning in the fire zone of Paris the young lieutenant had watched the old woman who was digging potatoes.
It was a day of the season of market gardens in the year of desolation. Paris was breached with cannon and burned with petrol. One was growing used to the lightning and thunder of war. The storms of two sieges had kept Death so close to Paris and for so long, that it had come to be part of life, accepted as of every day and common place.
There, where the young lieutenant was on picket duty and the old woman was digging potatoes, shells had, for months, been coming and coming again, to blaze black trails through the silver stems of the poplars or to smoke up the good earth of the fields.
In the fields someone was burning brushwood, and the smell of its smoke mingled with the smell of the gunpowder smoke. The two smokes together hung in the mist that lay along the river. It was a misty blue day, and the smoke of cannon made beautiful little sudden white clouds in the soft veiled sunshine.
The young lieutenant walked up and down past the rows of the old woman's potatoes, and would have given anything in the world, except the one thing it would have cost him, to be able to get away to where the smell of fields was not all mingled with the smell of war.
Once a shell burst so close to the old woman and to him that the broken black hot bits of it were all about them.
Then he said to her almost angrily, "My God, granny, why don't you get away out of this?"
She was a little thin doubled-up old woman with a face like a nutcracker ; one imagined her nose and chin snapping together. She lifted her head and looked at him out of sunken vague old eyes.
"Why don't you get away?" he asked her again.
"Why don't you?" she asked him.
"I?" he said. "I? I cannot. I must stay."
He was so young that he added proudly, "I must do my duty."
She said, "Eh? B'en, what will you? I also must do mine." She went back to her digging of potatoes.

November Second
ALL the flowers of Paris that day, with the florists and in the markets, in the stalls at the street cor ners and in the push-carts, everywhere, were white and purple flowers, sad in the sad grey day, white chrysanthemums and white and purple asters and violets and white roses that lived to die on graves. The streets about the cemeteries were lined with imitation flowers of tin and zinc, wreaths and anchors and crosses, that when one was young one had not liked to think of as being given to those who in death were gone so far from tawdriness. When one was grown older and had come to be better able to understand sorrow, there was some thing that touched one in the very tawdriness and ignorance of those little offerings to the dead, some thing of attempt and failure. The offering of such ignorant things to the dead, of whom the humblest are so very strangely great and beautiful, was touching, as are all mistaken little poor efforts of love. The dead, coming there and seeing, must feel about it, "They thought to give us pleasure."
The streets were full of people in deep mourning. It was a soft, still day. One fancied the dead came back for a little, in the grey, soft stillness, that one so intensely felt, for all the confusion of people's coming and going.
Up and down the white and purple streets the people in black came and went.
And one thought of the dead as being very sorry for them, as being touched by the father's shining, stiff black gloves, that were too long in the fingers, and by the grandmother's having trudged all the way, and by the mother's having put so much crepe on her bonnet, and by the band of crepe on the sleeve of the man's white blouse, and by the baby's not noticing any of it.

Two Griefs

IN the florist's shop two women stood looking at one another among the white and purple flowers. All the flowers of Paris that day were white and purple, for it was the day of the dead. It was a still, soft, dark day, heavy with pent-up rain, as that day always is, for the taking of flowers to the cemeteries.

The older woman was dressed in deep mourn ing, her veil over her face. She was tall and slight. The girl, looking up at her, could make out, through the veil, that there was a wave of grey in her dark hair, drawn back from her forehead, and that the outline of her face was very clear-cut and white. She was a great lady; the painted and tawdry little girl had seen that from the first glance at her as she came into the shop.

The girl did not wear mourning. Her dress was so poor that it made her seem oddly out of place in a grand shop like the florist's. The lady, look ing down at her, saw that she was quite beautiful. There was something in her eyes that the painting of them did not take away, and there was some thing about her mouth that the scarlet did not hurt at all.

There was a heap of white violets on the table by which the two women stood.

The man of the shop had been about to wrap up the violets for the girl, but when the lady came and asked for white violets he hesitated, with the three-cornered folds of wrapping paper in his hands. The lady had said that it was only white violets she wanted—nothing else would do. And those the girl had bought were all he had or could get anywhere that day. And it was the fine lady, of course, he desired to please. He hesitated, and looked from one woman to the other. He said, "Madame, I regret it infinitely, but infinitely. These are all the white violets I have, Madame, that this moment Mademoiselle has taken. What can I do, Madame? Unless Mademoiselle were

The lady said to the girl, "Mademoiselle, there must be other flowers you could take. It is that for me there are only these."

The girl said, "I have searched all Paris to find them. There are none to be had in the markets or the booths or the push-carts, or with the other grand florists, anywhere."

The woman said, "If I cannot find them—if I cannot find them anywhere " It was odd the way she said it. She put up one hand in its black glove and pushed the veil back from her face, as if not caring at all, in her wish to see the girl's face, that the girl should see what was in hers. Anyone could have seen in her face, that death had had for her both sting and bitterness in it.

She said to the girl, "I want them for someone who used to love them best of all flowers."

The girl said, "They were the flowers the one I want them for loved best too. ' '

The man of the shop was folding the paper round the violets and fastening down the corners with gilt pins.

"I want them for my mother," the girl said; "she used to look at them in the florists' windows. She never had any. She never had anything that was beautiful."

"You loved her?" asked the lady.

' ' Oh, yes, ' ' said the girl.

"And she knew it?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl again.

"She had that," said the lady—"you gave her that." She stood looking down closely into the little painted face. Anyone could have seen in the girl's face that, for her, death had no sting or bitterness. "I envy yon," said the lady, and drew her veil down again to hide her face.

The girl came nearer to her with a sudden, swift movement. "Oh, Madame, the one you loved, who is dead, did not know " She stopped herself short, realising what she had said.

The lady turned and would have left the shop. But the girl went past her, pushing her aside rudely, and was at the door, and was out of it.

The Little Chairs

THE American girl who had married Etienne de Kernac used, in those many bad enough moments when it seemed as if she could not stand it, to look at his mother and wonder if it was possible that she, in any way, felt things.

How could it be possible for one who felt, who felt at all, to go through what the mother of Etienne had gone through, the very sort of thing that she herself was going through now, and never have rebelled, and never have complained, and in no way show the mark of it.

She knew that her father-in-law had been an even more brilliant man than his son, and harder, more autocratic, tyrannical; even more neglectful of his wife, her mother-in-law, than Etienne was of her ; even more cruel in his demands and in his indifference. Her mother-in-law had lived all the years as she, Marian, was asked to live, shut away, unconsidered, in the solitary old chateau, to which

the master of those days had come even more rarely than did their present master; she had been good to the poor, and seen to it that the great house was kept up as properly as possible with the scant money allowed for it, and that Miss treated the children like the little great people they were ; had religion for what comfort it might be to her, and had embroidered all those marvellous coverlets for the beds in the state chambers that were never used.

For a few weeks of every year Etienne 's mother had come up to Paris, as Marian came now; had received formally, one evening a week, in the old hotel near the church of Sainte Clothilde, as was expected of Marian ; and had gone out formally, as Marian was supposed to, when others of her very high-placed, small little world as formally received. Marian, being taken about by her in those seasons in town, used to watch her, stately and charming among stately charming people, who had talked of Etienne's father, in his time, just as now they talked of Etienne, and wonder, out of sheer depths of loneliness, how she had stood it, why had she stood it t Or was she just a gracious figure, made up of little gestures and phrases, little formulae and standards and measurings, content to live by etiquette and detail and tradition, for whom there really had not been anything to stand?

She used to look at her husband's mother when they sat together, morning after morning, in the vast "little salon" at the chateau, each with her embroidery or some gentle dull book, and wonder, while the ceaseless threatening of the sea came in at the windows, could one have felt, and have endured it?

In their close solitude together the answer to that question came to be of morbid, desperate im portance to Marian. If only she could know. It seemed to her that she could bear it if only she knew that the woman who had borne it had suffered as she did, had felt things as she felt them.

She was so good, Etienne's mother—how terribly good she was—but was she good through grief and pain, or was she good because she knew nothing of grief and pain, and so, quite easily and correctly, just went on?

To know that would have made all the differ ence of her life to Marian.

She had ceased hoping anything about Etienne ; that was all quite hopeless. She had thought he loved her, but he had not loved her. She had thought she could love his home and his people, but she could not. It was all so utterly his. She had thought her children would mean everything to her, and that they did not was very terrible to her. Perhaps that was, for her, the most terrible part of it. When they were babies and quite her own, how she had loved them! She had thought all her life was in them, and happiness. But as they grew bigger they came to have so little need of her. They did not seem to care at all for any thing she could give them. They were so unlike her, she could not understand. She watched them from day to day growing more and more unlike her. Sometimes they seemed to be quite stranger children. Sometimes they seemed even to be little enemies, they so perfectly belonged to the life that she almost could not bear. Sometimes she was afraid of them ; they, like all the rest of it, were so utterly Etienne 's. She wanted terribly to give them happiness, but they did not seem to want it from her; so they gave none to her, and she had ceased hoping for it from them.

And yet she had not ceased to want happiness. She was so young, and she had so long to live. There must be happiness somewhere, and why should she not go to it ? Why should she stay on where it was not ? Why should she stay on in the life that gave no happiness to her, and made no use of her ? The world was so wide.

And then she would turn to Etienne's mother. Had Etienne's mother ever felt how wide the world was? And how full it was of chances for happiness? Had she known what she lost? And had she stayed on because of some right that there was in it? If she had felt the burden of it, if it had been to her such a burden as it was to Marian, must she not then have had some reason for bear ing it, and might not that reason be Marian 's rea son for bearing it too ? Might not her just having borne it, be proof of a reason and a right?

That was what, it seemed to Marian, she must know. More and more, as the endless time passed to no end whatever, everything, as it seemed, came to hinge on it.

She used to look at her mother-in-law as they drove together through the Paris streets,—behind the plump old horses that must always be exer cised, taken out and yet must never be given too much work,—to leave cards at stately doorways, watch her write charming little, quite untrue messages on the cards, and mark off the name on her list as having been got through, and wonder, till it came to be an obsession, had she ever felt things other than that? Or was that all that life meant to her ? Was that the size of it, by her

measurings, for her, between two eternities? And was that what it ought to be, always, for every one?

She used to look at her mother-in-law as they walked together in the paths of the chateau gar den, where some few flowers struggled for life against rock and sand and sea wind, and torment herself with wondering.

And she used to look at her wonderingly and most of all when they were together in the room of the little chairs.

That was her mother-in-law's special sittingroom, which opened from her bedroom, in the wide north gallery of the chateau. Marian went there rarely, and only by special invitation, if perhaps her mother-in-law had a chill or a migraine, or for any reason was obliged to keep to her apartment. The little brocade-covered chairs, seven of them, stood around in a circle in the centre of the big, quiet, deep-coloured old room. They were beautiful little chairs. They had been the baby chairs of Etienne and his brothers and sisters. Etienne's was the gold and dark green one. The pale blue and silver one had belonged to the sister, who was married now, and came back but for brief visits in odd years to the chateau. The crimson one and the sapphire blue one had belonged to the two younger brothers of Etienne, who were out in the world, in brilliant ways, very far from the chateau. And the rose and grey one had belonged to the eldest little brother, who died when a child. They all stood together in their empty, formal, quiet circle. And Marian, whose correct, unresponsive, indifferent boy and girl were being well brought up as befitted their importance, used to look across the little empty chairs at the mother of her hus band, and wonder.

The courteous, remote, great lady, why did she keep them there, the little chairs? Did she feel—feel—anything when she looked at them? Was it a comfort to her to look at them, and remember baby figures sitting in them ? Was it an unceasing pain to see them empty? Was there special mean ing for her in the rose and grey chair of the child that had never grown up, that had never outgrown her, that was gone from her, not in life, but in death, whose ways are kinder, more sparing of illusion ? Or did she keep them there just because it is rather a custom to leave in their old places the little chairs of the children, who, in life or death, have gone away?

It seemed to Marian that, if only she could know what the little chairs meant to the woman at whom she looked across them, she would know something because of which she never need be so desolately alone again.

If only she could know that Etienne's mother, in her stately, formal life, had loved the children to whom the little chairs had belonged, loved them not just correctly, conventionally, but with rapture and with pain ; had suffered because the boys were so very like their father, who made he- suffer ; had longed that the little girls should grow up gentle, and should love her; had broken her heart with caring for them in all those ways that may mean so much happiness,—if only she, Marian, could know that, just that, then, in the life she was going through, as Etienne's mother had gone through it, it seemed to her, she might come to know the thing because of which it was, all of it, worth while.

Across the little chairs she would look at her mother-in-law, invariably charming and gentle and courteous and sweet, and would wonder, and could come to no conclusion.

If it was winter, the fire would be lighted in the room of the little chairs, and the wind would howl in the chimney, and the anger of the sea would be roared in, through the rattling cracks of the windows, from where the waves beat their fury out on the rocks under the castle walls, no.

It was then, of all times, that Marian most felt that she must know.

And always by the little chairs she felt that there must be some conclusion, and that there, by them, she was nearest coming to it.

And always when the sadness of winter added to the room's sadness, it seemed to her that she must get, somehow, to it. The sound of the wind and the sea was all an undertone for her deep need of getting to it.

There was one morning when she came unex pected to the room of the little chairs. She had never, in all the five years, gone there without being asked to, but now she did not even send word that she was coming.

It was a very dark morning of January, and the wind and the sea menaced even more savagely than usual, and the smell of the sea was in all the stony old chateau, strong and salt, and wet and cold.

Etienne had been down for some days at the chateau; he had to occupy himself about things there sometimes; and they had been bad days; he had spent in them a long accumulation of temper. Marian, who did not care any more, had looked at his mother and wondered if she cared.

His father had been just like that, the people

had dreaded him just as they dreaded Etienne.
She knew by many tokens how it had been. Did Etienne's mother get a double hurt from his voice and his gestures and his eyes? Or did not she even know ? Was it because she was brave that she gave no sign ? Was it because she was fine of soul that she endured? Or was it because she had no soul, and did not feel, and so could, just tradition ally, insensibly, go on?
At dinner last night, for some small thing, he had turned on Marian with an anger that made the lines in his young face as deep and as ineradicable as the lines in the face of his father's portrait above him on the wall. Had it meant nothing to his mother, Marian wondered?
It meant very little to her, herself, now, only a vague wonder why, when that was all she got out of it, she should keep on with it.
She went to sleep that night a little more wearied than ever by the uselessness of the going on. And the going on seemed more desolate even than usual when she waked to it that morning.
Etienne would have gone back, she knew, in the night train to Paris. She was glad of that.
The maid came and drew the curtains back from the window and let in the wild dark morning. It was with much difficulty that she could light the fire. The wind put it out again and again in the chimney. At last it burned, but badly, and the smoke hung in the dampness of the room, with the smell of the sea, and the sounds of the sea and the storm. The maid brought in her bath and arranged things, and brought coffee and rolls, and put the tray on the table by the bed and went away.
Marian sat up in the big, dark bed and looked about the room.
The room seemed as if it had grown strange to her. She wondered what had happened.
Nothing had happened.
But suddenly it seemed to her that she had come to the end. She thought, suddenly, and for no especial reason, that she had come to the end of endurance. It was all curiously vivid like that, as if she had been coming to a place for a long time, and now, there she was, round the turn of the road, upon it.
She saw quite plainly. There was only to go away: what was there to keep her? Not the re ligion of Etienne's people, nor inheritance of their traditions, nor fear of losing things of their world, nor any dependence on them. Nothing of theirs hindered her. There would be things to be done, of course, but they were things that did not mat ter. All that mattered had been over when she looked about the room and saw it become strange to her.
She remembered how unhappy she had been in that room. She thought that she would never be unhappy there any more.
Other women went away out of their lives be cause of someone, or of something.
For her there was no one, and it was because of all the things; because suddenly it seemed to her that she never again could sleep in the huge dark bed of tapestry and oak carving. She thought she never again could warm herself at fires of seatwisted pine branches and driftwood from his deso late beaches. She never could eat his bread again. She could never again see the little red and gold lacquer breakfast tray, or the green dragon cup, or the old silver coffee pot with the ebony handle.
She dressed quickly.
It was a relief to put on her travelling things.
She would go away, it did not matter where.
She looked back at her room as she left it, and already it seemed a place left behind. She seemed to be not seeing it, really, but only remembering it.
She ran along the corridors of the red brick tiles. The cold and the dark and the wet were already things she was only remembering.
As she passed the door of the nursery passage, she could catch the sound of the children's voices quarrelling in their alien tongue.
Her little French son and daughter, they would not miss her, they would vaguely wonder, when they were told that she was gone, if that meant that they need not be taken to the casement-room any more to repeat their English lessons after tea.
She ran on down the north gallery, where the sea and wind sounded like voices grown unfamiliar to her.
She knocked at the door of the room of the little chairs in the north gallery, and opened it, not realising at all that she had done so without wait ing for an answer.
The winter morning pressed close upon the win dows of the room of the little chairs, and the wind and the sea cried through it, and the fire in the por celain stove seemed to give no warmth to it.
Etienne's mother was sitting, where she always sat in winter, near the stove.
Her beautiful white hair was carefully arranged as always, even at that early hour. She had the white shawl round her shoulders. As she sat, her back was turned to Marian, and she did not hear

her at the door.
Marian stood quite still at the doorway and looked, for there was an odd thing to look at. Etienne would have laughed, but his wife did not laugh.
The whole thing was there for her to see in one moment's looking, and to make what she could of through the rest of her life.
So that was how it was. The children who were gone away had been less near, perhaps,—surely they had been less near,—in the real way of things, when really they had been there, brought in by Miss, and left for some formal, studied hour, than they were now, dreamed over, brought close by the dream that perhaps had been a whole life's dream, as life had never brought them.
And the child that was dead was nearer than were the children who had lived and gone away.
Of a sudden the sad old room, that wind and sea cried through, seemed beautiful to Marian, and the woman who sat there alone, where she had stayed through all her life's enduring, had a beau tiful right to dreams.
It seemed to Marian that there was nothing for her to do but to draw back noiselessly before the woman by the fire knew that she had seen.
Her mother-in-law must never know that she had seen.
It was so secret and sacred and tragic and funny a thing.
It was that all the little chairs had been moved out of their stiff empty circle in the centre of the room, and brought over to the warmth of the stove, and gathered, all close together, around the chair in which sat the mother of the children who were gone away, all of them.
The little chairs were drawn together, in the warmth, cosily, as if there were sitting in them little figures that had dragged them up and put them so, close, to listen to a story.
And closest of all of them to the mother's chair, so close that the foot of the child sitting in it would have certainly been kicking against her fine stiff skirts, so close that the hand, reached down to it, would have held the hand of a child sitting in it, was the rose and grey baby chair of the child that had died.

Paper Ropes

ONE day, when she was a very little girl, she and her nurse Fanchon were down in the village, where they had gone with the pony-cart to fetch something, and in the market-place she saw a thing that she was to remember always, and that was to come to have always more and more meaning for her.
It was a September day, and noon, and the market-place of the old Provencal town was full of a sunny gauze of heat. The platanes, with their shadow close beneath them, made a very black square frame that held the heat and sunshine.
Two or three men were dozing at the cafe tables, and there were some dogs asleep. The tall Romaine tower of the church swam in the sky's hot blue.
There was not a swallow stirring. Under the ar cades of the round pink arches one could see noth ing, the shade was so deep, and no sound came from there. It was not a market day, so the old cobbled square was left to possession of anyone who wanted it. And the boys of the village had taken possession of it.
There was a crowd of them, shrieking with laughter, out in the middle of it. They had got the village fool there, lashed down with strips of paper, on his back on the cobbles.
The cretin thought he could not break the paper ropes. He thought he was a prisoner. He did not struggle at all, but lay with the paper ropes wound around and around him, weeping helplessly and hopelessly.
Panchon stopped the pony-cart, and stood up in it and laughed.
She thought it was the most droll of all droll things in the world, to see the cretin helplessly, hopelessly weeping, bound with paper ropes.
Little Alix, from the high-swung pony-cart, looked down among the boys in black blouses and sabots, at the emaciated, ill-shapen body and shaggy white head of the fool, and saw his face, ugly as a gargoyle's, distorted with tears.
The boys danced about him, howling with laugh ter. Their sabots set the dust dancing ; it whitened the fool's rags.
The lazy grey pony switched off the flies with his long, beautiful tail, and stamped his polished hoofs on the cobbles.
Fanchon stood with the reins over her arm and her hands on her hips, and laughed, delighted.
Alix was to remember the thing always, the quiver of heat and sunshine over the cobbles, the smell of the church that came out from its open door, a red earthen water-jar that someone had left on the rim of the old stone fountain. There was to stay with her always the sense of the care lessness of the men at the cafe tables, of the mirth of the boys in the dust and sunshine, and of Fan

chon standing up in the pony-cart.

Secret

THEY had been happy from the first of the year until the end of July. Afterwards she knew that that was very long for happiness to have lasted.

One winter day in the great house of her husband's people, where she had so long been lonely, it had come to her and to the man who loved her to know they could not help it, there was nothing they could do. So they had taken happiness all the way along, through the days and hours until that last after noon.

The secret old streets they had come to know so well were full of summer, red sunset and swallows and odours of acacia. The room over the desolate garden was hot and full of the red sunset. There was a floor of worn, uneven, red brick tiles, and the painted walls were stained and faded. It was a desolate old room, like the garden it looked over and the street by which one came to it. It was all secret and hopeless, as are so many streets and gar dens and rooms and sacred things of Paris.

They came to it for the last time. She was always to remember. It was in the midst of the late, long, midsummer sunset. The happiness had come to its end.

It was all over. He was going away. His life was taking him away from her. Far away in his life he might be able to forget that room. She must go on living near it, and never seeing it, and always thinking of it.

Poor little room, how tragically much it had held of happiness.

They did not open the blinds. They could not have borne to see for the last time the shabby little detail of the room.

The swallows cried past the windows. The gar den smelled sick in the heat.

It was a quarter of Paris where there used to be many convents, and church bells ring desolately, They were ringing the Angelus of sunset in deadly monotone. The man and the woman listened for the last time together.

It was the end. And at the end they knew how happy they had been, and how long a time it was for happiness to have lasted, and how far more happy than other happinesses, is that which is snatched back, red, from the teeth of pain.

ODETTE IN PINK TAFFETA

from *Chill Hours,* 1920

ODETTE'S mother sat and looked at her.

Nothing ever was lovelier to look at than Odette. Paul's mother was coming to dine, bring ing little Claire, and there would be the General de Joncels, and Antoine de Carnae, and Odette had put on her new dress.

The world had grown to be so sad a place that Odette 's mother was almost afraid of the pink taf feta dress. It looked so happy and so young. She had thought, when she got it for Odette, would the child ever wear it? Would not just her wear ing such a gay little dress, tempt mourning down upon them?

Odette was arranging masses of roses in the blue old Sevres bowl on the piano against the window. All the green dusks of the garden and the blues of the Paris roofs and chimneys were behind her, under the sunset.

Her mother wished that Paul's mother were already come, to see with her the loveliness of

Odette, just like that. She wished, with all her heart, that Paul were there.

His mother and she had been intimate friends all their lives. Their people always had been intimate, there had been marriages in several gen erations between the Montmeyrans and the Wavignies.

In the world of the Grand Monarch an Odette de Wavignie had waited faithfully years through in the Picardy chateau for her Paul de Montmeyran to come home from the king's — wars.

Now another Paul was away at war, and for him, and for this little Odette there was dreamed a beautiful dream. Her mother did not know whether or not the dream were Odette's too. It was the boy's, he had cherished it in his heart through all these nearly three years of war.

He had enlisted at the beginning, when he was just eighteen. Before he went away then he had told his mother that he had loved Odette ever since he could remember, and that he could not imagine any life possible without

her.
There had been nothing to be done about it, he and Odette were both such babies. She had been barely sixteen then. And what could be definitely arranged in such dreadful times ? There was nothing to do but wait. The two mothers dreamed their dream together. And Paul had kept his dream with him while he went a charmed way that seemed unbelievable in all the horror. Some indefinable quality about him made all brilliant wonderful things come to him, lucky chance on lucky chance. It was like him to be an aviator; you thought of him always in sunshine, mounting. He came back for each leave to Odette with glories he was half ashamed of.
But what it really meant to the girl, her mother did not know. Close as they were together in their love of one another, there remained always certain uncrossed spaces between them. About certain deep things each left the other unques tioned. Odette's wide clear eyes must have seen in her father and mother's life together much of which she did not speak. As she grew older, more and more able to understand, her mother had dreaded that she might speak, but she never did ; and so, giving her silence back, her mother left untouched the things words might have marred. Only sometimes she wished she were a little nearer to the child. She wished it very much to-night.
"There," said Odette, drawing back from the roses, "like that they are perfect, are they not, Maman?"
Her mother did not answer at once, the fear that was gathering about her made it difficult for her to speak. She was thinking, it was a dark shadow, "the shadow cast before " Odette had asked her about the roses. She an swered, "Yes, dearest, like that they are per fect."
Then the door was flung open, and in came Pafa with a rush. ' ' Maman, I 'm so sorry—oh, they aren't come yet! Good, I thought I was late. It took me ages to get clean, but now I'm awfully clean, you see." His round brown head was brushed very smooth, and his round bright rosy face scrubbed very shiny.
"I thought they'd all be here," he said, stand ing with his hands in his pockets, in the middle of the room. "Why, look at Odette! Isn't she splendid to-night! She ought to be going to a ball! If only we had old Toto here, he'd play us a tango, and I'd dance with her. You remember, Odette, how every night, always, he played for us, here in the salon, if there were nobody, after tea, when I got through my les sons?" Old Toto was his own particular name for the tutor, who had been twenty-five at most when he went away with all the others to the war. "You remember, Odette? I say, hadn't we fun, we three together?"
Then Alice de Montmeyran came, with little Claire.
"How are you all? Such luck, we found a taxi just at the comer of the Eue de Bellechasse. Oh! that is Odette's dress from my little dress maker ? What a darling ! ' '
Paul's mother and Odette's mother kissed one another, like the convent girls they had been to gether. About them both, Paul's slight little mother and the stately tall mother of Odette, there remained always something untouched of the world. One could see how both of them would dream good dreams.
Alice de Montmeyran was still beautiful, rather inclined to amuse herself by outshining younger women. She still could take whatever she wanted of life; people told tales of her that very likely were true. But, whatever she had chosen for her self, the things she wanted for the people she loved were beautiful things, and she dreamed for her son as high and clear and pure a dream as though she had never thrown away an illusion. Denise, Odette's mother, had treasured illusions out of desperate need of them. As a sort of fetish in much unhappiness, she had treasured her own dream of happiness for her daughter, saving, to give to her daughter, the dream that for herself had never come true.
Odette in her rose dress, curtsied to Paul's mother.
His mother took her hands and swung them out, holding her so, pushed back, to look at her.
Claire and Fafa, aged thirteen and fourteen, blond and brown, rivals and enemies in number less important affairs of their own, greeted one another with extreme politeness.
"Good evening, Fafa."
"Good evening, Claire."
The General came in, always quite the same; a man of the world first, a soldier after, you would have said, seeing him there without knowing what his record was in the war. A perfect type of the old "nobility of the sword," he had the courtliness in his service of the tricolour that had been his

forefathers' in their service of the kings. It was easier to picture him riding to battle with plumes and silver spurs, than in this war's ugliness. But he had been in the thick of it, all along, one of those men the world most depended on. In Paris for a few days, back from all that, you would have thought something of it must be evident about him, but he was only a little more glad than ever to see them, Alice and Denise. It was half a year since he had been in Paris. And how the children had grown! Odette was just the age to be teased delightfully.

Antoine de Carnae came, late because he had been kept at the Ministry. It was odd how the war had changed him, that had not changed the General. He was only Paul's age, but his cross clever ugly face, worn and sharp, had grown al most old in the three years. He had always been very lame, and now he stooped till he seemed hunchbacked. A wit, people called him, he had never had many kind words for anything or any body, but now he seemed to have no word at all that was not a sneer.

Standing before Odette he appeared shorter than she. She had almost to look down on him while he talked to her.

The old butler came to the door to say that Madame la Comtesse was served.

Fafa sat at the foot of the table, in the place his father rarely troubled to occupy.

The four long windows of the dining-room were open to the garden, where the sunset still lingered. The table, small in the big room that had known so much pleasure, was drawn close to the win dows.

Odette's mother talked with the others, but all the time, as she talked, she was waiting for some thing. She was listening, through the others' voices and her own voice, for a sound, she did not know what sound. She wanted to say to the others, "Hush! I must listen. Something is going to happen."

She did not know whether the minutes went by very slowly, or very fast. The lights changed in the garden. The thrashes sang, and sang, and then stopped singing. The swallows never ceased in their flight, up and down the sunset, and then up and down the twilight.

When the tops of the trees were lost in the dark above the dark garden, there came the sound she had been listening for. It was only the opening and closing of a door outside in the hall, and steps across the hall as far as the table where letters were put ; then the steps going back, and the door open ing and closing again.

In the midst of what she was saying, she stopped and asked old Martin to bring in the letters-.

She wondered if Paul's mother were afraid too. Paul 's mother had been laughing at something, but she stopped laughing. The two women looked at one another, and were afraid with the same fear.

There was a military letter. Odette's mother felt her heart stand quite still. The writing was strange to her. The name in the corner was strange, Lieutenant something, some regiment of infantry. Surely it could have nothing to do with Paul. Yet her hand shook so that she could scarcely tear open the envelope. Then a sense of utter re lief. "Oh!" she cried, "it is that poor little tutor of Fafa's, who has been killed!"

Her eyes went again, with something now that was almost joy in them, to meet Paul's mother's eyes.

Then she thought—all the same it was sad, poor little old Toto. Aloud she said, "His lieutenant writes to me because, poor boy, he had no people of his own, to tell me that he was killed, recon noitring, the night of the 21st—that's a week ago —by a mine explosion, buried, they never could get to him." She was thinking—such a good-look ing, clever, really charming boy. She went on aloud, "The lieutenant writes, he was one of those everyday heroes to whom should be the greatest glory." She put down the letter. "It is dread fully sad," she said, "we were all so fond of him. He was quite like one of ourselves. Fafa adored him."

Only then she realized that it must be a great shock to Fafa. In her own relief she had not thought of that. She looked at him now, at the end of the table.

Fafa was standing up, his chair pushed back. Before she could speak to him he had flung him self about, and was out of the room.

How dreadful of her, she thought, to have read it out so. For herself nothing had mattered but that the fear was not come true for Odette. "Poor Fafa," she said, rising, "I must go to him. He'll feel it dreadfully. He was devoted to that boy. You will all forgive me, won't you? Odette will take care of you. I leave everybody to you, Odette."

Fafa was in the room where he had used to do lessons with his old Toto. He sat by their table, his arms stretched out across it, his brown head

down between them, his face hidden.
His mother went to him, and sat down on the arm of his chair, drawing him to her. He nestled against her, silent for a while, and there they talked together of the friend who was dead.
There came a knock at the door, and Claire's voice begging, "Please, Fafa, may I come in?"
She came over to him, and stood by him at the table. "Fafa, I'm so sorry. I will give you my trench-ring he made for me, and the Verdun paperknife,
because it was you he liked best. Please, let me stay with you."
"He liked you too, ever so much," said Fafa, "though you are only a girl. He said he did, often. You can stay if you like."
Claire scrambled up on top of the table and sat there, her long black silk legs dangling. "You know those two letters he wrote me? You may have them to keep. You may keep them for ever and ever. And now I will even tell you the secret he taught me about the trick with the two packs of cards."
Then Odette's mother, going back to the others, found they had finished dining and were all again in the salon. Odette was pouring out the coffee. The sunset was over, and the lamps were lighted. Odette said, "Will you take coffee, Maman?"
Her mother turned to her sharply from some thing she had been saying to Paul's mother. It was not Odette's voice at all that said, so quietly, "Will you take coffee?" It was not Odette's face that was lifted to hers, so calm in the lamp light.
"Odette dear, aren't you well?"
"Why yes, Maman."
But it was not any more her little rose pink girl. It was a white still cold girl, whom she did not know. Something had happened. What could have happened? She wanted to cry out, "What is it, oh what is it?" But then, suddenly, she knew.
She said, "Yes, coffee and no sugar."
Odette, her little Odette, whom she had thought she understood, whom she had thought she could save always from sorrow, whose life she had thought she could make happy—and all along there had been this.
This was what he had meant to the child, he, the tutor, Fafa's little old Toto, who had been quite one of themselves, who had laughed across the table with Odette every day, who had tramped the woods with her and Fafa and "Miss," made up their four at tennis, worked for Odette in her garden beds, mounted her on her tall hunter, ridden with her and Fafa, played Tangos for them to dance.
This was the thing she had felt coming.
The new strange voice of Odette was saying to her, "Maman, the General always takes green Chartreuse, and they have forgotten it."
It was a proud Odette warning her off the un crossed spaces. No one must come near.
The clock on the mantel struck ten. In less than an hour they would be gone, and she would be left alone with Odette.
The General was saying, "I have always felt bitterly about that boy's father, that such a man could live and die, and no thanks be rendered to him. He was never appreciated, except perhaps by one or two of the men who worked with him, and by the poor in the hospitals, and a friend here and there, like me, who happened to know." He was standing by the little table of coffee and liqueurs, moving things about on it, in a vague way, with his fine hands, that were so quiet usually.
"These everyday heroes " he began, and stopped.
Odette never turned her face away from the light.
"Poor boy," said the General.
Carnac came from where he had been standing rather apart from the others. He held himself straighter than usual, and seemed scarcely to limp as he walked. He said, "There is no need to pity him." He had many words as a rule, but now he seemed to be searching for words. "For me," he said, after a minute, "I envy him."
Paul's mother said, "But how sad that he should have no people of his own. There is really no one but little Fafa. It is dreadful for Fafa."
Odette said, "Fafa will forget." She said it like some one grown quite old.
How odd the others did not know. There had been a little rose pink Odette, and she was gone. There was a stranger come. And even Paul's mother did not know.
They all went on talking. Paul's mother kept Odette beside her on the sofa, by the piano and the bowl of roses. She kept drawing the girl into their talk, and Odette talked easily, but her face grew whiter and whiter.
The hands of the clock moved on over the gold sun and moon and world, quarter-hour, half-hour, three-quarters.
"Dear me," said Alice, "Claire ought to have

been in bed ages ago; how demoralized we are all becoming! I think it must be because of Odette's new dress."
They sent for Claire to come down from the school-room. Fafa did not come with her. She had been crying, her little chin was uncertain yet, and her eyes were like wet blue flowers.
Odette kissed her good night, and it was not any more just as one child kisses another. It was with a sort of gratitude, as if she were grateful for the little girl's tears, having none of her own.
Paul's mother kissed Odette, and told her again what a darling she was in the pink taffeta dress. The General and Carnac kissed her hand, as if she had been grown up.
And then they were all gone.
"Odette, Odette!" she wanted to put her arms about the girl, as she had about little Fafa. Odette did not look at her. She said, "I can't go to bed just yet, Maman."
She went to the piano and began moving back things that were on top of it, the bowl of roses, the photograph of Paul in his aviator's uniform. "Do you mind, Maman dear, just staying, and our not talking? I'd like you to stay, if you aren't sleepy."
She opened the piano and sat down before it. The light of the lamp upon it made a radiance around her, and the rose pink taffeta dress. Her mother moved away out of the lamplight and sat still in a shadowed corner.
Odette began to play.
And her mother sat and listened, with nothing else but that she could do for her. She could not touch her, or speak to her, or even look at her. She could only listen, while she played, over and over again, the Tango that the tutor no one had thought of used to play, for her and her small brother's dancing.

THE CAULDRON

IT IS not only winter at the high windows that makes the ward now always dark and cold. Everything is grown numb. One seems not able to care any more.
This morning I could not even be glad about the 10 bis., the boy they called my little monkey, "le ouistiti de madame," who is splendidly well, and went off at noon for his twenty days' leave. He will "go back," and we shall never know what becomes of him, and some one else will be brought in, perhaps like him aged eighteen, to his stretcher bed, in the row down the middle of the long crowded ward.
This morning the bed at the top of the ward, 17, opposite the door from the stairs, was empty, the man with the red hair was gone from it. On the stairs, arriving, I had met the stretcher being carried down, with a sheet thrown over it. It was the canvas stretcher, it sagged down only a little between its poles, the man with the red hair had become so light. How small he seemed to be under the sheet. They all seem to get so small when they are dead.
The linen of bed 17 had been taken away al ready, the mattress and pillow stared up in their blue and white striped ticking. The blanket was folded, and the black rubber sheet, and they were laid neatly beside the pillow on the mattress.
It gave me a feeling of going away, a ridiculous delightful feeling of being back in a time when there was no war, and things were packed, and one was starting out on a beautiful journey.
But the bed must be got ready, as soon as we had time for it, for some new 17. And he too, by one way or another, sooner or later, would be gone from it. And there it would be, staring and wait ing again.
Always and always and always, coming and going, going and coming, until sometimes it seems that all these men are just one man to whom these things happen eternally, round and round. Sometimes I see all the things on the dress ings table, the bottles and jars and basins and sterilizing boxes, stand out through smoke, against heaps on heaps of bundles of blue clothes, that have boots and heads sunk down. I only know battle fields from the heaps of clothes that lie thrown down on the floor in the hall, in the rush when new wounded are brought in,—of course on battle fields they would have boots, and heads sunk down. The heaps of them are so high that they are come to be the background of all life, for ever and ever.
To-day, doing the things I used to find beautiful, I was saying to myself, almost aloud, "And ever shall be, world without end, and ever shall be, world without end."
To-day again Madame Marthe had one of her headaches. She is a tiny pallid creature, like a white mouse, but when she has headaches her face gets big and red. Her eyes were swollen, because of her headache—had she been any one else I would have thought she had been crying.

I did not ask her if her husband were worse, or if anything had happened to little Louis-Charles. It seemed of no use asking.

Once, months ago, when first I learned that her husband had become bedridden—the Patronne told me—I wanted to help, and Madame Marthe said, "I myself can do for him all he needs." She said it with the air of contempt she has when she says, ' ' I prefer to fetch the boiled water myself. ' ' "When I used to ask her how he was, she would say, "Thank you," without telling me, just as she would shrug her shoulders when I asked her how ever she managed the cauldron.

She and her husband and the little Louis-Charles live somewhere among the buildings of the hospital ; until her husband became ill, he too was employed there.

After the world of the sick of the hospital, the five or six hundred wounded soldiers, and the more than two thousand civilians, there is the world of its work-people. Lodged up under lovely old blue roofs, and down in splendid stone-vaulted half storeys, or in the more modern buildings of the exterior courts, about the electric plant, and the steam laundry, and the morgue, and the poultry yard, and the vegetable garden, and the ancient half ruined little shooting pavilion of a king's lady—there is that world of hidden things, like the white things that live at the roots of plants. One sees them at soup times, swarming together about their refectory door. For more than three hundred years the hospital has treated illnesses that often leave marks better not shown outside its red brick and grey stone boundary walls; and many of the people cured there stay on afterwards, to make the living, poor as it was, that they would be denied elsewhere. The husband of Madame Marthe is one of those people.

In the first winter of the war, when I stood far more in awe of Madame Marthe even than I stand now, when a word of hers in praise or blame quite made or unmade me, I met her one day in the central court with a big splendidly built man in an orderly's blouse. He must, before illness took him, have been remarkably handsome, a great rollicking fellow, much younger than Madame Marthe. From a distance he was handsome now, but near by, his face was dreadful. Madame Marthe drew herself up, and said in her proudest voice, looking straight at me with her proudest look, "This is my husband." It was as if she dared me not to find him beautiful. As if she would make an armour of her pride in him, to protect him from any flinching of mine, or a weapon of it, to threaten me if I flinched. I screwed up my courage afterwards to say to her, "I am glad to have met your husband." But she made no answer, and never again spoke of him.

When he had a stroke it was only after some time that I knew of it. Then it was not Madame Marthe, but the Patronne who told me. She said, "He may live for years. Lucky for Marthe that she is fool enough to think him a treasure." Rubbing her big bare arms and chuckling, the Patronne said, "For me, I think she is better off with him ill; when he was well, and a beauty, it was a dog's own life he led her."

But this morning her eyes were very red and swollen round.

The house doctor came to do certain of the dressings. There is always trouble when he comes to do the dressings. He had been badly wounded and had got his discharge in the first year ; he had done something magnificently brave, but no one remembers now what it was. He had been a hero, but now he is a sickly poor thing, usually cross, who carries complaints to the Patronne.

This morning everything went wrong. The house doctor had reason to scold, and he did scold. Madame Marthe did not seem to care enough to get angry. It seemed nothing could penetrate her sullen indifference. Her air of more than ever despising everything fretted badly the house doctor's nerves. He did not know how desperately it was all confused with the price of milk and eggs for her husband, and coals; and his staying alone all day while she was here at the hospital ; and there being nobody to keep their wild little Louis-Charles out of mischief; and one of the men's screaming all the time of his dressing, his mouth open perfectly round for the screams to come out of; and my not having flamed enough basins, or unrolled enough cotton; and the house doctor's wanting so many more washings than we had reckoned for.

There had to be more boiled water fetched.

For four years I have been a failure at fetching the boiled water. It has been for four years my great humiliation under Madame Marthe's scorn that I could not manage the cauldron. Nobody outside our service can possibly know what it means to fetch the boiled water. It has been my night mare for four years.

The cauldron, enormous and black on the

pantry oven, is as heavy as the round world. It has handles like two huge lope ears. Madame Marthe can take it with one hand, by one horrid ear, and tip it, and have her other hand free for steadying the jug, purchased against her knees, quite easily under it. But I need both hands for it, and my knees are of no use whatever. Madame Marthe says, with that shrug of her shoulders, "Oh la-la, name of a pipe, it is less trouble to do it myself."

This morning she said to the house doctor, "Name of a pipe, I must go myself then—she always makes such a mess of it."

But the house doctor said to her, "Stand where you are, and hold that." And to me, "No nonsense, now, quick, fetch it."

Always the same gestures to go through in the pantry, where there is always the same stale clean smell, that is almost the worst of the hospital smells. Always to drag over the chair, scraping the tiles, close under the oven, and to stand the jug on it, and, on tip-toe, to reach across everything, and take the cauldron by its ears.

The cauldron has no lip. If the water spreads out as one pours, over the oven and the chair and the tiles, the pantry girl scolds till they can hear her in the wards. Her voice is worse than the scraping of the chair on the tiles. Sometimes it seems the most dreadful thing in the world to be shrieked at by the pantry girl. Madame Marthe hears, and comes, and gives that look of hers.

This morning the pantry girl was not there.

There was a pile of tin plates on the chair. I had to move them all over to the table. There* were thousands and thousands of plates, for ever and ever, world without end. I thought I did not care how long it took; what did it matter, out of the days and days, and the years?

But Madame Marthe came; I suppose the house doctor had scolded her because I was so slow. Her head was very high in the air. Could there be an immensely proud white mouse, with its eyes swollen and its head in the air? She did not speak to me, or so much as look at me, she just pushed me out of the way, snatching up the jug, and kicking the chair aside. She fitted the jug between her knees, holding the top of it with one hand, and with her other hand seized one ear of the cauldron.* If the water had been boiling, I think she would have drowned herself in it, and not minded at all. But all that happened was that she poured too fast, and the water went over everything, the oven, her blouse, her shoes, the tiles. She had to let go of the jug and give all her strength to the cauldron, or it would have come quite over. The tin jug clattered on the tiles. I thought the Patronne, far off in her office, would hear. Surely the house doctor heard, waiting angrily in the ward.

Quite suddenly I was crying. And then I be came aware of an amazing thing.

Madame Marthe was crying. Proud Madame Marthe, who could do anything in the world, and was scornful of everything, who never yielded, never admitted, never failed, was crying before the cauldron.

I dared not look at her. I turned my face away. "It is so long," I said, and picked up the jug.

She snatched the jug from me. "It is too long," she said. She tried to wipe her eyes against the soaking wet sleeve of her blouse.

And then she had to put the jug down again, that she might rummage among all those odd things in her apron pocket, dressing scissors and string and safety pins, and mysterious papers all wet through, and two slices of wet bread, with some thing between them, that had been intended for her lunch, but never a handkerchief. "Give me yours," she said, "can't you?"

There was all of it waiting for us to go back to, to go on and on and on with, bottles and bandages, pails of things to be emptied, things to be washed, soup at 11, the bed of 17 to be made up, the house doctor with his rubber gloves, and behind all of it those heaps of blue clothes, piled higher and higher.

We stood for a minute looking away from one another, both of us crying.

Then Madame Marthe gave me my handkerchief back, and took up the jug once more, but with no shrug of her shoulders. "Name of God, it is too long," she said, beginning again at the cauldron.

SHE WHO WOULD NOT EAT SOUP

HE windows under the arcades of the second courtyard open to dormitories that are lined with rows of very small black iron cots, each one numbered and placarded, and to a refectory where there are rows of very long, very low, bare board tables and benches. In fine weather, at noon and at three o'clock, the children—always more than a hundred of them, foundlings and abandoned chil dren and children of criminal parents—are out in

the courtyard, in their clumsy blue-checked blouses, boys and girls alike, all the blouses too long or too short, too baggy or too pinched.

They are sickly, often defective children, sent in from various other institutions and asylums of the Assistance Publique to be cared for tem porarily in the hospital—unpleasant children, the nurses of their service complain bitterly of them. They are so rough and noisy, out at their recess in the courtyard, that it seems they must be happy, all of them alike, in their ugly blouses.

But one cold afternoon in the armistice winter, as I came down our stairs after dark, I heard a woman's voice in the courtyard shouting, "Stop out there, then, little beggar, and freeze to death if you like," and a door slam to.

There was a small child crouched on the cobbles, in the light of the lamp at the refectory door. It was a girl of ten or twelve; she went on sobbing when I picked her up.

I knocked on the door, and the nurse put out her head, her face red and angry in the lamp light.

"There now," she said to the child, keeping the door shut all but a little against the cold, "there now, the lady sees what sort of a girl you are."

She was a thin little white thing, with a sharp face, and her head set too far back, so that her little shapeless body curved forward, out like the breast of a pigeon. She was shivering with cold while she sobbed.

"You see what it is," said the nurse to me, "miss is too grand for us! Miss will not eat her soup, not she! It is not good enough, our soup, for her! What does she want, the grand young miss? "What can we serve her with? I should like to know! She not to eat our soup indeed! I tell her she may stop outside in the cold till she begs for it, till she knows how, if it were not for us, she would be out in the gutter to freeze and starve."

The child had put her arms up over her face, and was sobbing into them. Her elbows stuck out awkwardly in their blue checked cotton sleeves, that were too long.

"But soup is good," I said to her, "and dear, don't you know, all good little girls like soup?"

Suddenly the child flung her arms about my knees and clung to me. "Oh, I am good!" she sobbed ; "I am good, I do like soup. It is not that ; it is that in this place I am not hungry. I do not know them here, and I knew those others. And there I had a yellow bowl for my soup, and my blouse was striped. And the girl who did the floors, she kissed me once. And there was a green stain, very funny, on the wall beside my bed. So I can't eat here; I can't! Oh, please, I want to go back."

The nurse, through her scant opening of the door said, "She is just come in new to-day, and nothing suits her. You would think instead of from an asylum she had come from a palace." She opened the door wider, and her face, the anger passing, was not unkind.

Inside I could see the other children sitting along the refectory tables, bending rows of little heads over rows of brown bowls of soup. "Look at them," I said to the little girl, "what a happy time they're having !" But she only sobbed when I tried to pet and comfort her.

"You'd best leave her to me," said the nurse, "I've a bit of chocolate I'll give her. Come and see her to-morrow, she'll be all right then." She reached out and took the child—a bundle of striped or checked cotton, for anyone to pick up and put anywhere—away from me, with her big red hands.

"She's strange now," she said, "and home-sick, but she'll get used to it soon here, just as she got used to it wherever it was they had her before. There'll be the same fuss again when they send her on from here. It's no use taking notice, they are all like that, all of them, the sort that gets home sick."

POETRY

Miss Sanders

SOLITAIRE
By Emmy Veronica Sanders
From: *The Double-Dealer*, August 1922

IN the evenings I sit and play solitaire.
I light the candle—so as to have the shadows on the wall for company and make things speak to me.
The incandescent globe that is attached to the center of the ceiling I do not like to use. It kills the life of the things in the room—being dead itself. It speaks with the loudness of dead obtrusive weights. In it I cannot hear my thoughts.
When the candle is lit, all things begin to move and whisper. I shuffle the cards—making neat little piles of them.
I play with the cards and with my thoughts. Of my thoughts, too, I make neat little piles—shifting and shifting them.
My thoughts are as silent and swift as shadows on the wall.
Words—the bodies of thoughts—are stiff and inflexible. You can not alter them, once they are there. They always keep exactly the same shape and weight and color—like the substance of the things from which shadows proceed. But thoughts and the shadows themselves can expand and contract—grow lighter and darker—take on a hundred varying moving shapes.
My hand is only my hand—always.
But the thought of my hand or the shadow it throws on the wall can become anything or nothing, grotesque or beautiful, the size of a pin prick or a gaping monster, I can do whatever I like with it.
My hunch, too, is always there (for I am hunchbacked) .
It is always the same protuberance of flesh and bone—never chang ing size or shape.
Only my thought about it varies.
And if I keep a certain posture and hold the candle in a certain way—and then look at my shadow on the wall—it ceases to be there entirely . . .
That is why I like the thinking about things better than the things themselves.
It is quite a fortunate circumstance when you are crippled and must

earn your living—as I do—by embroidering.
Thinking, too, is a kind of embroidering.
You add little ornaments—flowery figures, glittering stuff, little meandering lines and loops and arabesques—to plain material of a few facts or a few truths that are either black or white or somewhere in between the black and white.
Thus in the daytime I embroider. At night I shuffle cards and play with shadows. On the whole I am rather content. . .
And then, when Sunday comes, I read the papers. That almost fills the day.
The picture section shows the people that are doing things and having things—all over the world.
There are men with beautiful bodies—wrestling on platforms before highborn spectators.
There are men who set out on daring expeditions to far countries.
There are pictures of fine women and their little children—frail and fresh like flowers with the morning sun upon them.
There are strong faces of the owners of magnificent estates and bank accounts. And famous actresses and authors.
There are pictures of assemblies of men governing the fate of na tions—and inventors of miraculous machines—and winners of races and contests—women and men.
There are pictures of the people that fill the grand tiers on gala occasions and the grandstands when there are parades.
And also the photographs of happy little pet dogs that win prizes.
In the fat Sunday papers they tell you everything about the people whose bodies and whose souls never were crippled.
I do not envy them.
I see the bodies moving, dancing, posturing—the hands of the speak ers lifted and the fierce contortions of the limbs in sporting contests.
And the cool smiles of women safely provided for.—I fancy I can hear the words they speak—the little sounds that come out of the soft red cavity that is their mouth.
And I keep wondering about the shadows they would throw in nar row rooms by candle light. How they would dwindle, grow and vacillate and be grotesque—as grotesque as my hunch.
I also wonder what the thoughts are behind the loud bright words they speak—the swift and silent games inside the skull wall—all over and around each little fixed and given fleshy word.
No—I am not dissatisfied.
I earn my living cleanly, stitching gaudy things on black and white.
I have my solitaire.
There are times when my hunch seems a blessing to me. A blessing like all final and unalterable things. Like being in prison or dead. Some thing about which there is nothing to be done or changed or desired any more.
Those poor people in the Sunday papers must go on desiring and desiring all their lives—the many, many things that are within their

reach. There is no finality for them, no resignation.
And then there are those others—that carry a hunch on the back of their souls.
That is not final, either. For they might shake it off—if they only knew how! And so they go on—trying and trying—
But mine is peace—by birthright.
The little shadows know it, too.
They come and play so softly, so silently, along the floor and walls.
They steal on to the table. They never interfere with little games of cards—or thoughts—

And the people that pass—slowly—hurriedly—
With a half-caught gest through the pages of books.

I am tired of the winds that hasten by,
And of the little waves that skip and never once look back,
And of stars coming and going.

Fleeting glimpses—
Hands fluttering past like autumn leaves. . . .

I am tired of roads.
I am tired of the going—the going;
And I am tired of passing people.

HILL SPEECH

I listened to the hills as they spoke
At nightfall.

I listened to the haughty calm flowing of line speech,
And to vehement words
Jagged and bitten into the sky face.
I saw hieroglyphs scrawled on a pale wall of sky
With fingers of granite.
There was motion gripping the masses
Urging and waving
Onward.
I heard cadences of hill speech

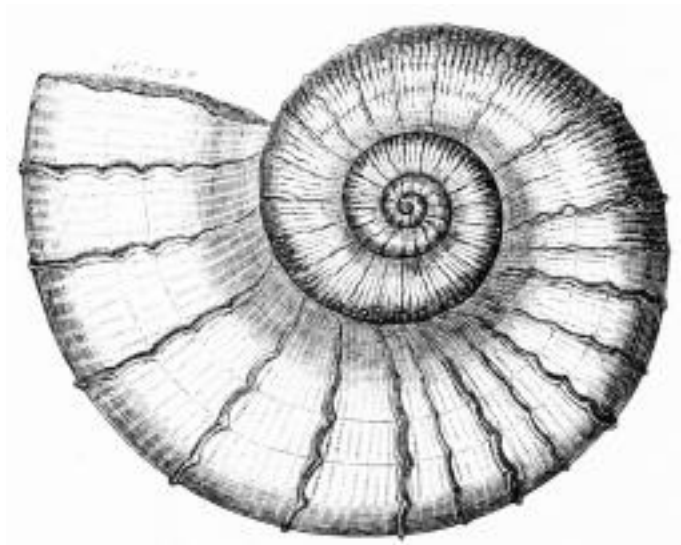
Emmy Veronica Sanders

Falling and rising
Softly,
With soothing interference.

And there was one standing alone on the smoldering horizon,
Standing aloof and detached
Always;
Saying "I" and "I" and "I,"
Answering "No" and "No" and "No"—
Always—
To the biting words and to the flowing line speech,
And to the hieroglyphs scrawled with fingers of granite.

There was one
Saying "No"
To the dull gray abysses
Of sky and of sea—
Saying "No"
To the masses. . . .

Emmy Veronica Sanders



CRITICISM

RAINER MARIA RILKE
by Martin Schütze.
The Dial, May 31, 1919

Chief among the lyrical gem makers of Ger many at present is Rainer Maria Rilke. He makes little perfect things after the patterns of old great things. Taking an intimate, poignant, but minute impress of a great emotion or intimation, he gives out an attenuated copy of it wrought in exquisite miniature workmanship. º

His talent burns with an intense but thin flame, a flame assuming a semblance of many colors from the many objects over which it plays, but having little color of its own. The paucity of inner warmth and substance is covered by much outward sense imagery wrapped in a symbolistic haze of unutterable mean ings. The attitude of the Annunciation becomes a habit. The vatic gesture serves as a vehicle of any communication no matter how casual, trivial, or merely pretty. A breathless anticipation of eternal beauty and heavenly preciousness exhales a strained atmosphere of a sublimity both exclusive and pre carious. Sense intoxication, immensely skilful and self-conscious, counterfeits vision.

. Though he developed separately, he is in a sense the extreme efflorescense of the movement which took definite form and set forth a precise program under the leadership of Stephan George in Die Blätter für die Kunst, during the nineties. That magazine was for a time the organ of an esoteric poetical brother hood of excruciating sensitiveness and finesse. The brotherhood has passed, but the spirit has remained. Its devotees repudiate whatever is readily perceptible to the common. The impact of reality upon the mind is by them removed to the extreme limits of the aura of crepuscular intimations fringing the sphere of normal perception. Their consciousness spurns the ministrations of the naked sense. Emo tion and sense-life are sustained by a high-power microscope. -

The German movement is not an isolated sport in the poetry and art of nineteenth century Europe. It took a decided form first in the Romantic Move ment in Germany. It rose again in the French Symbolists and in some of the Neo-Celts, and is now seeking rebirth in the Imagists. It is closely asso ciated with the musical and pictorial arts, especially the latter, from which it borrows much of its tech nique of the reproduction of the world of the eye. It seeks to mirror nature in a consciousness one sidedly visual, and, to a lesser degree, auditory. Its chief shortcoming lies in the poverty of its in ner life. Its emotionality is subtle sense excitement. Its spirituality is an exquisite mask of the utmost re finements of a, rarified animalism. Its ethos is a sensuality from which has been refined away its proper relevance, its matter-of-fact gravity and downright honest desire for material fruitfulness. What remains is an intense but impoverished gesture of creativeness.

The attitude of the recording self in this poetry is that of a spellbound inactivity, of a breathless, pass ively intense waiting for the spontaneous arrival of the unutterable, which, like the king in Maeter linck's Seven Princesses, never comes. It lacks the naïve identification of the conscious self with the impulses, motions, and activities swaying it, which is the essence of the mood of true lyricism. Its in ward quality is largely that of prose which is meas ured by the degree to which the recording conscious ness keeps clear of the sway of the activities, emo tions, and ideas transmitted through it. Its emo tional participation in its subjects is that peculiar introspective mood in which self-conscious gesture takes the place of naïve utterance. “I will pour forth my soul with hands stretched out " is the con cluding and culminating line of The Bride. True lyricism is not introspective.

The irrelevance of mere visual finesse intruding on the essential mood is shown in the characteristic last stanza of the poem Memories from Childhood. The poet remembers the sweetness of his boyhood, glorified as it was by the companionship of a gifted and sympathetic mother, who used to play and sing to him. The picture concludes:

His large eyes fastened with a quiet glow
* Upon the hand which by her ring seemed bent,
And slowly wandering o'er the white keys went
Moving as though against a drift of snow.

Such self-mirroring as in the first line, and the eyes' search for unusual and strained refinements of ex ternal analogy in the remaining lines, destroy sin cerity of emotion and freeze lyrical warmth. However, with all its shortcomings of externalism and inner sterility, this poetry has a claim on our attention as an expression of a type of individuality developed by modern civilization and as a conspicu ous feature of the literary life of a century. And Rilke, as one of the most distinguished representa tives of this type, both in substance and workman ship, will repay careful reading with many subtle thrills, many suggestions, and many admissions to modern emotional sophistication.

These remarks on Rilke have been called forth by translations of a selection from his many books of poems by Jessie Lemont (Tobias A. Wright; New York). In view of the immense difficulties of her task, she has acquitted herself with remarkable fidelity and a considerable degree of success. Aside

from the common difficulties of metrical translitera tion from German into English—difficulties inher ent in the far greater number of unstressed final syllables and the greater rhythmical weight of un stressed syllables generally—she had to contend with the obstacles, often insuperable, raised by the author's exquisite verbal skill and by his preciosity. Fre-- quently, with the illusive veil of the latter torn by the exigencies of English, there appears the naked prose of the matter, as in lines like: “He will awake, will read, will letters write,” in which the inversion crudely emphasizes the uninspired con tent. Harshness of sound and rhythm, inadequate renderings of subtleties of matter and diction are unavoidable. Yet, to those to whom Rilke in the original is inaccessible and to those sympathetically interested in the suggestions gained from comparison of metrical translations with their originals, the book will prove valuable. The translations are prefaced by an illuminating though somewhat panegyrical appreciation of Rilke, by “H. T.”

PETITE VISION DE GAIETÉ, AU FRONT DE BATAILLE
Pierre Loti
L'Illustration, No. 3737, 17 Oct 1914 by Various

Ce jour-là, dans la matinée, vers onze heures, j’arrivai à un village—dont j’ai dû oublier le nom;—j’étais en compagnie d’un commandant anglais, que les hasards de cette guerre m’avaient donné pour camarade depuis la veille, et nous étions aimablement suivis par un grand Magicien,—qui était le soleil. Un soleil radieux, un soleil de fête, transformant et embellissant toutes choses. Cela se passait dans un département de l’extrême Nord de France, je n’ai jamais su lequel, mais on se serait cru en Provence tant il faisait beau.

Pour arriver là, nous avions été depuis près de deux heures enserrés entre deux files de soldats qui marchaient en sens inverse l’une de l’autre. Sur notre droite, c’étaient des Anglais qui se rendaient à la bataille, tout propres, tout frais, l’air content et en train, admirablement équipés, avec de beaux chevaux bien gras. Sur notre gauche, c’étaient des artilleurs de France qui en revenaient, de la gigantesque bataille, pour prendre un peu de repos; poussiéreux, ceux-ci, avec quelquefois des bandages au bras ou au front, mais gardant des mines joyeuses, des figures de santé, et marchant en bon ordre par sections; ils rapportaient même des chargements de douilles vides qu’ils avaient eu le temps de ramasser, ce qui prouvait bien qu’ils s’étaient retirés sans hâte et sans crainte, en vainqueurs auxquels les chefs ont ordonné quelques jours de répit. On entendait au loin comme un bruit d’orage, d’abord très sourd, mais dont nous nous rapprochions de plus en plus. Dans les champs alentour, les paysans labouraient comme si de rien n’était, incertains pourtant si les sauvages, qui menaient tant de bruit là-bas, n’allaient pas un de ces jours revenir pour tout saccager. Il y avait, sur l’herbe des prairies, un peu partout, autour de petits feux de branches, des groupes qui eussent été lamentables sous un ciel sombre, mais que le soleil trouvait le moyen d’égayer quand même: émigrés, en fuite devant les barbares, faisant leur cuisine comme des bohémiens, au milieu des ballots de leurs pauvres hardes empaquetées en hâte pendant le sauve-qui-peut terrible.

Notre auto était remplie de paquets de cigarettes et de journaux que de bonnes âmes nous avaient chargés de porter aux combattants, et, tellement nous étions serrés et ralentis entre ces deux files de soldats, nous pouvions leur en donner par les portières, à droite aux Anglais, à gauche aux Français; ils avançaient la main pour les attraper à la volée, et, en souriant, nous remerciaient par un rapide salut militaire.

Il y avait aussi des gens des villages qui cheminaient pêle-mêle avec les soldats, sur cette route si encombrée. Je me rappelle une jeune paysanne très jolie qui, entre des fourgons de guerre anglais, traînait par une corde deux bébés endormis dans une petite voiture; elle peinait, la montée étant roide en cet endroit; un beau sergent écossais, à moustache en or, qui fumait sa cigarette, assis les jambes pendantes à l’arrière du plus proche fourgon, lui fit signe: «Passez-moi donc votre bout de corde.» Elle comprit, accepta avec un gentil sourire confus; l’Ecossais enroula cette frêle remorque autour de son bras gauche, gardant le bras droit libre pour continuer de fumer, et c’est lui qui emmena les deux bébés de France, dont la toute petite voiture fut traînée par le lourd camion comme une plume.

Quand nous entrâmes dans le village, le soleil de plus en plus resplendissait. Il y avait là un fouillis, un méli-mélo comme on n’en avait jamais vu et n’en verra jamais, après cette guerre unique dans l’histoire. Tous les uniformes, toutes les armes, des Ecossais, des cuirassiers français, des turcos, des zouaves, et des Bédouins dont le salut militaire relevait le burnous avec un geste noble. La place de l’église était encombrée par d’énormes autobus anglais, qui avaient jadis assuré les communications à Londres et portaient encore en grandes lettres les noms des quartiers de cette ville.—On dira que j’exagère, mais vraiment ils avaient l’air étonné, ces autobus, de rouler maintenant sur le sol de France et d’être bondés de soldats...

Tout ce monde, pêle-mêle, se préparait à déjeuner. On entendait toujours la grande symphonie menée par ces sauvages (qui arriveraient peut-être demain, qui sait), l’incessante canonnade, mais personne n’y prenait garde. D’ailleurs, comment s’inquiéter, avec un si beau soleil, un si étonnant soleil d’octobre, et des roses encore sur les murs, et des dahlias de toute couleur, dans les jardins à peine touchés par les gelées blanches!... Chacun s’installait de son mieux pour le repas; on eût dit une fête, une fête un peu incohérente par exemple et singulière, improvisée

aux environs de quelque tour de Babel. Des jeunes filles circulaient dans les groupes, des petits enfants blonds faisaient cadeau de fruits cueillis dans leur verger. Des Ecossais, se croyant dans un pays chaud par comparaison avec le leur, s'étaient mis en manches de chemise. Des curés et des religieuses de la Croix-Rouge faisaient asseoir des blessés sur des caisses; une vieille bonne sœur, figure de parchemin et jolis yeux candides sous sa cornette, installait avec mille précautions un zouave aux deux bras enveloppés de bandages, qu'elle allait sans doute faire manger comme un petit enfant.

Nous avions grand faim nous-mêmes, l'Anglais et moi, et nous avisâmes l'auberge, très avenante, où déjà des officiers étaient attablés avec des soldats. (Il n'y a plus de barrières hiérarchiques, aux temps de tourmente où nous sommes.)—«Je pourrais bien vous donner du bœuf rôti et du lapin sauté, nous dit l'hôtelier; mais, quant à du pain, par exemple, ça, non; à aucun prix vous n'en trouveriez nulle part.»—«Ah! dit mon camarade, le commandant anglais, et ces deux belles miches, là, debout contre cette porte?»—«Oh! ces miches-là, elles sont à un général, qui les a envoyées parce qu'il va venir déjeuner avec ses aides de camp.» A peine avait-il le dos tourné que mon compagnon, tirant vite un coutelas de sa poche, tranchait, pour le cacher sous son manteau, le bout d'une de ces miches dorées.—«Nous avons trouvé du pain, dit-il tranquillement à l'hôtelier, vous pouvez donc nous servir.»—Et, à côté d'un officier arabe de la Grande Tente, en burnous rouge, nous fîmes gaiement notre déjeuner, avec nos invités: les soldats de notre auto.

La fête du soleil battait son plein, illuminant en joie la foule disparate et les étranges autobus, quand nous sortîmes de l'auberge pour reprendre notre voyage. Un convoi de prisonniers allemands traversait la place; l'air bestial et sournois, ils marchaient entre des soldats de chez nous qui marquaient mille fois mieux, et on les regardait à peine. La vieille religieuse de tout à l'heure, la si vieille aux yeux purs, faisait fumer une cigarette à son zouave pour le moment sans bras, la lui présentant aux lèvres avec une tremblante et un peu maladroite sollicitude d'aïeule. Elle semblait lui raconter en même temps des choses très drôles—de cette drôlerie innocente et jeunette dont les bonnes sœurs ont le secret—car ils riaient tous les deux. Qui sait quelle petite histoire enfantine ça pouvait bien être? Un vieux curé qui près d'eux fumait sa pipe—sans aucune élégance, je suis forcé de le reconnaître—riait aussi de les voir rire. Et, au moment où nous remontions en voiture pour continuer notre route vers la région d'horreur où le canon tonnait, une fillette d'une douzaine d'années, pour nous fleurir, courut arracher dans son jardin une gerbe d'asters d'automne...

Quels braves gens il y a encore par le monde! Et combien l'agression des sauvages d'Allemagne a développé les doux liens de la fraternité, chez tous ceux qui sont vraiment d'espèce humaine.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

https://archive.org/details/Gnossienne1

https://archive.org/details/DEBUSSYLaMer-Rodzinski-NEWTRANSFER

https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Artur+Rodzinski%2C+conductor%22

MUSICAL THEATER

https://archive.org/details/sallynewmusicalp00kern
Sally, a new musical play in three acts
by Kern, Jerome, 1885-1945; Grey, Clifford, 1887-1941; Bolton, Guy, 1884-
Published c1921

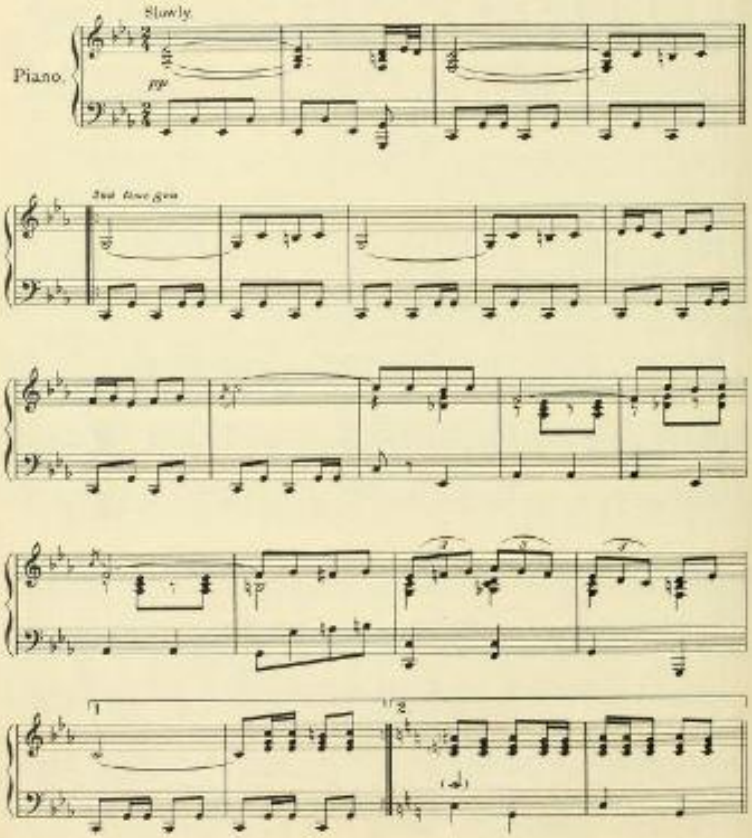
https://archive.org/details/OrangeBlossomsAComedyWithMusicInThreeActs
Orange blossoms : a comedy with music in three acts
by Herbert, Victor, 1859-1924; De Sylva, George Gard, 1896-
Published c1922

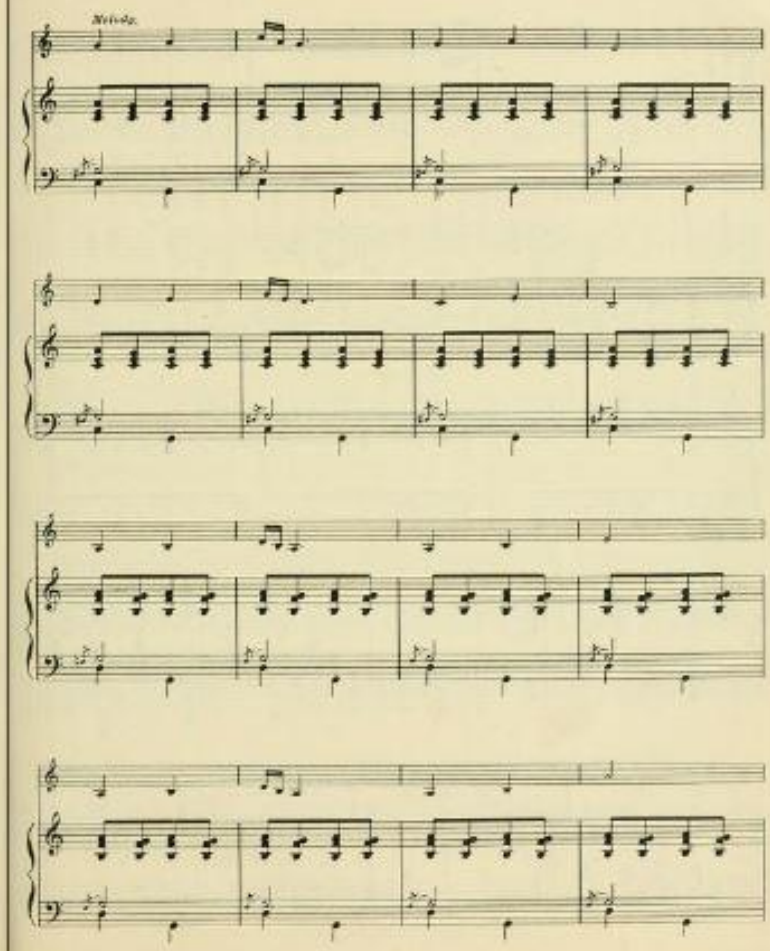
https://archive.org/details/themanfromearthm00prin
"The man from earth" : a Martian musicality ..
by Princeton University. Triangle Club
Published c1922

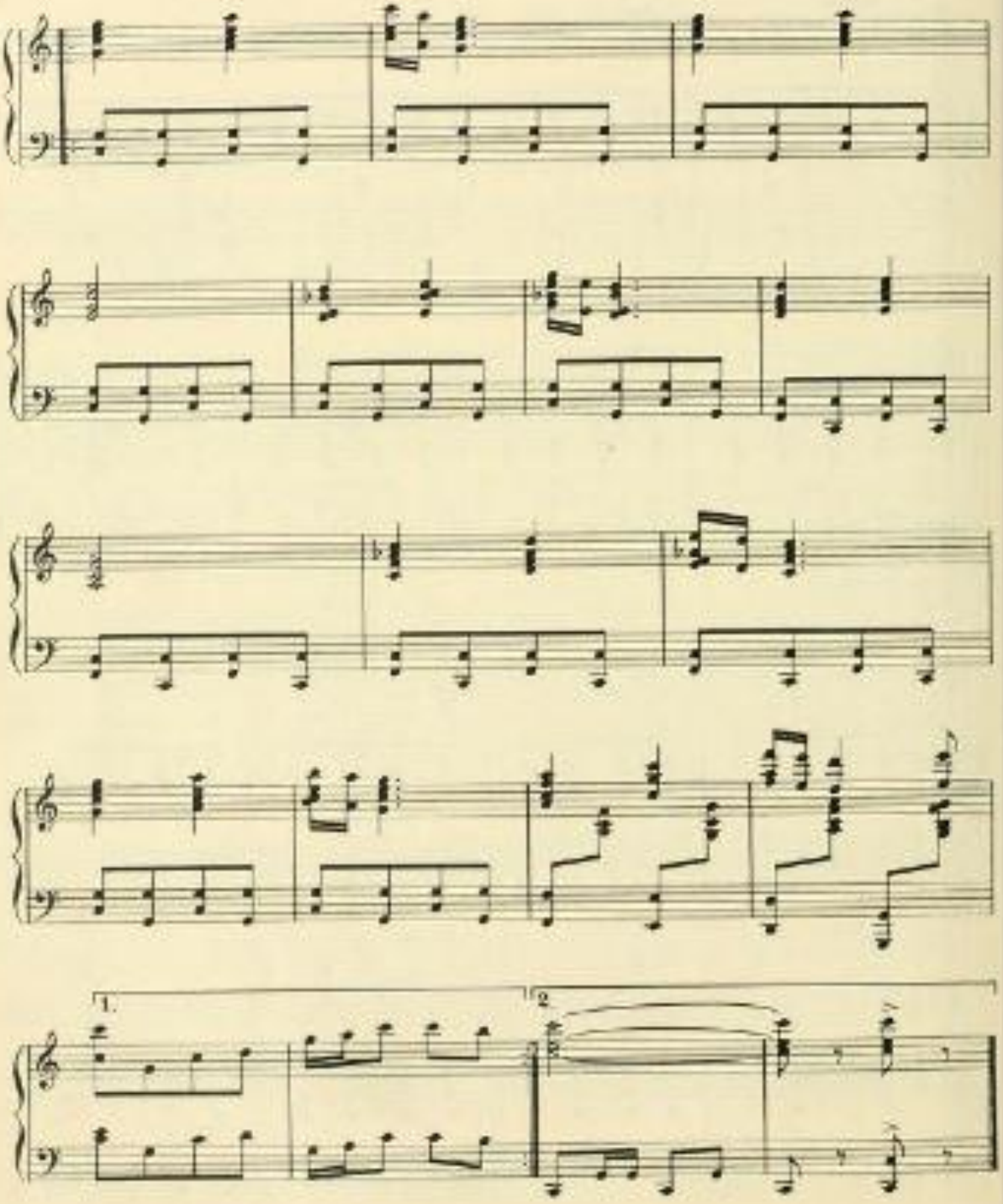
https://archive.org/details/letergomusicalco00harri
Let 'er go : a musical comedy in three acts
by Harrington, Elliott D
Benefit American University In Europe Tech Show 1918
Published c1918

Following are screenshots of music from these volumes.

Nº 9. ECCENTRIC DANCE.






1.
2.

This Time It's Love

(Roger)

Words by
B. G. DE SYLVA

VICTOR HERBERT

Moderato

VOICE

Piano

a tempo

poco rit.

a tempo

It's true that I'm sus-cept-i-ble to

lof-ies. It's true that I've a weak-ness for their

charms; I have al-ways found it sim-ple To sun-

-cumb to just a dim-ple, Or an an-kle or a love-ly pair of

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arms: But now my mad philan-dering is over; Those

maids of just one charm have left my mind; For my

new love's a com-plete thing, I have found the on-ly sweet thing Who has

rit.

a tempo

all the oth-er charm-er's charms com-bined: Though I've

rit.

a tempo

Refrain

al - ways played a - bout I can say, with - out a doubt:

This time it's love! For the

thump - ing of my heart Seemed to whis - per from the start:

"This time it's love!" She has

made this wear - y world a fair - y - land. And the

skies are blue a love! I have

felt this way be - fore In my small af - fairs of yore But

this time it's love!

f *rit*

f *rit*

molto rit

This and That

Lyric by
H. C. MINER, JR. '24

Music by
W. H. SMITH '24

Moderato

TANKA

There's lots I'd like to know A - bout the world be - low;

It seems a won - der - ful place, I'll do my best to tell you

all dear. Of what we call the hu - man race!

BOODO

CHORUS

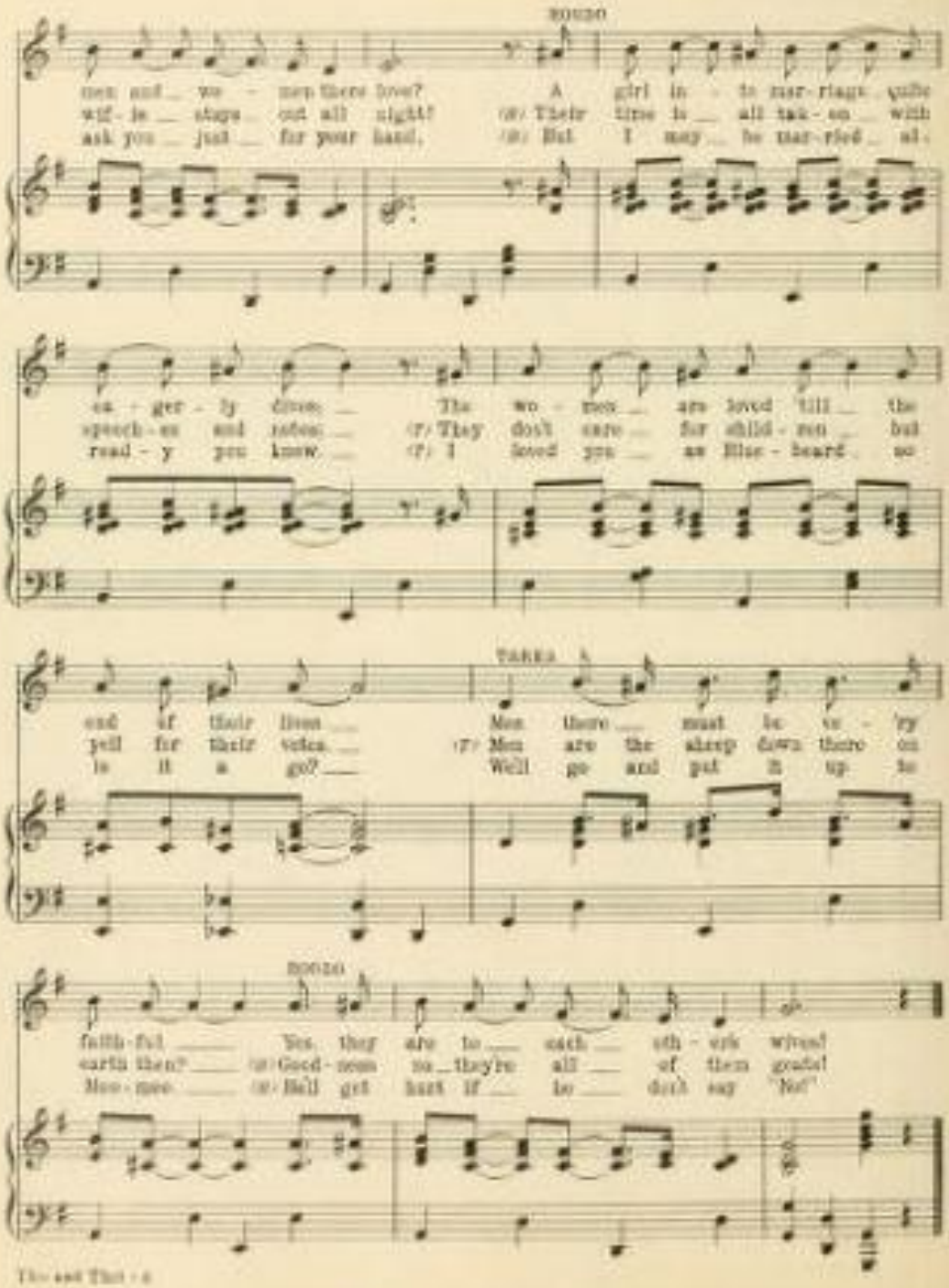
TANKA

On earth is there an ex - al - ta - tion Like this
(T) What's this I hear of wo - men vot - ing And de -
(B) Oh Tar - ka, some - thing's queer a - bout you That I

re - mance stuff a - bove? Tar - ka, you can't con - strue
mand - ing e - qual rights? (B) It's a fact, wo - men act
can't quite un - der - stand. (T) Boo - do dear, nev - er fear,

how pas - sions burn. May be so, but I know
just like the male. (T) Then who mends, cooks, and tends
you are my mate. (B) Not a bit, I'm not it

I'd like to learn! Well, come on ask for in - form - a - tion Do the
ba - bies that wail? (B) That's done by lit - tle hab - by det - ing (T) While his
gosh! what a fate! (T) Well, I can't get a - long with - out you, And I


ROUDO
men and wo - men there love? A girl in - to mar-riage quite
wif - le stays out all night! (R) Their time is all tak - en with
ask you just for your hand, (R) But I may be mar-ried al-
ea - ger - ly dives; The wo - men are loved till the
speech - es and notes; (F) They don't care for child - ren but
read - y you know. (F) I loved you as Blue - beard so
end of their lives Men there must be ve - 'ry
yell for their votes. (F) Men are the sheep down there on
is it a go? We'll go and put it up to
ROUDO
faith - ful Yes, they are to each oth - er's wives!
earth then? (R) Good - ness no they're all of them goats!
Moo - moo (R) He'll get hurt if he don't say "No!"

No. 7. Song

I'm Through with Roaming Romeos

Adelaide

Allo Marcia

Adelaide

1. I've played life's gam - bol
2. I've learned e - nough of
3. I've learned e - nough of

o'er and o'er, With lots of lots and miss - es,
life to trade A dead one for a live one,
life to know All is not gold that glit - ters,

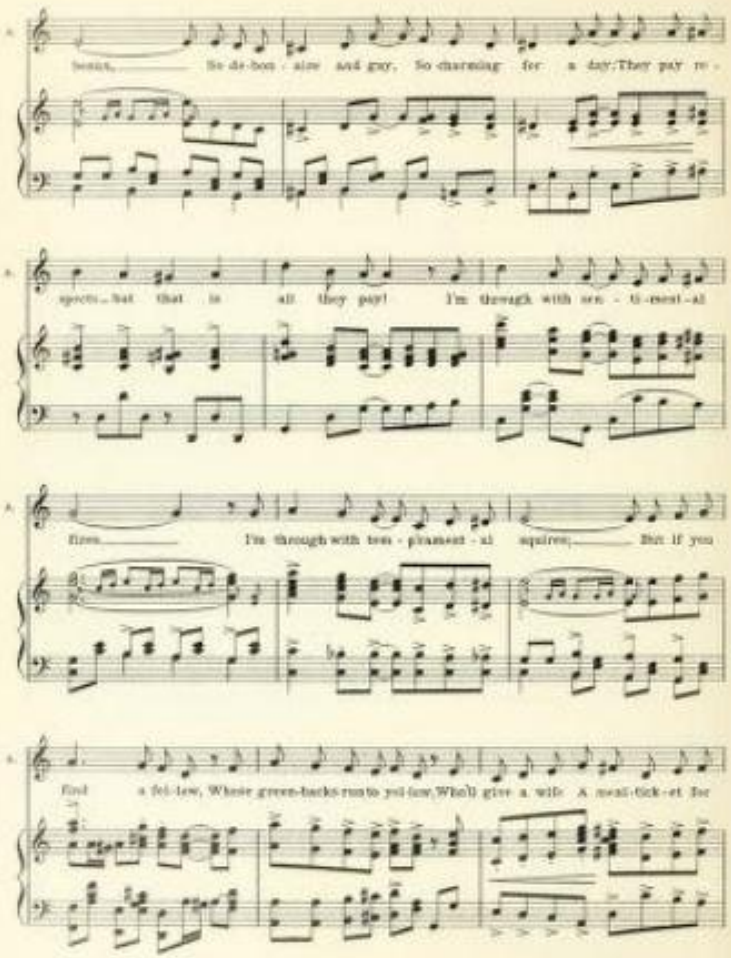
But ner - er struck a snap be - fore, Home ner - er was like
It's hard to see a dead one fade, But hard - er to re -
And like-wise I have found this so: All is not gay that

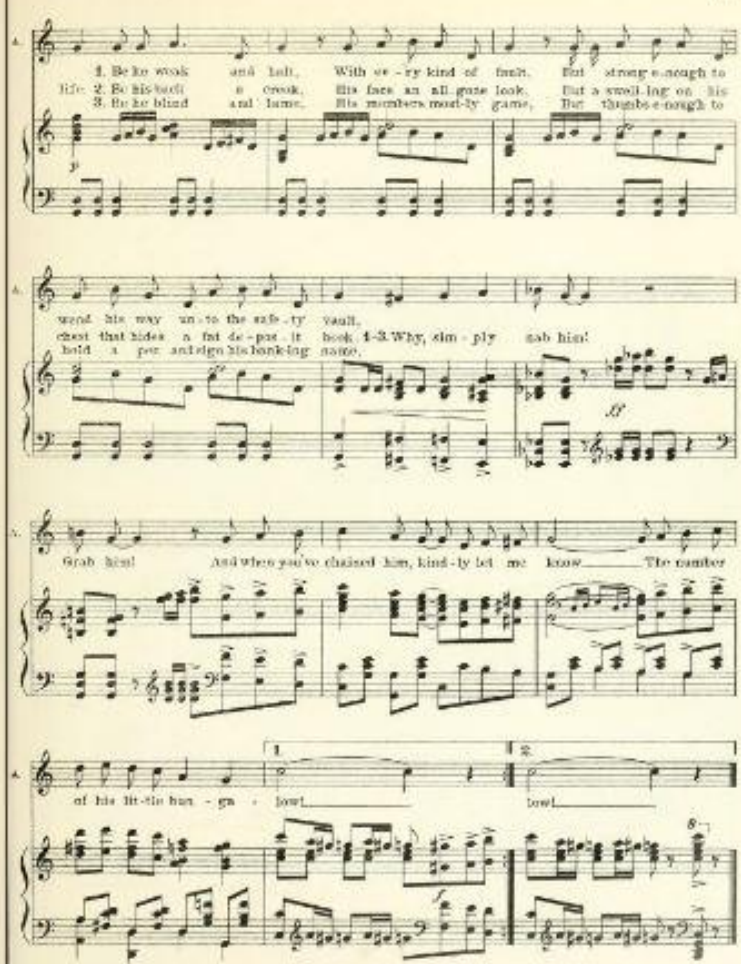
this is! To hopes of joy and heaven - ly bliss
vive one! Be - ware the man who buys you clothes
lit - ters! And al - so this is true, my boys,

I'm mak - ing no pre - tens - es; My dream of heav - en's mere - ly
With hope and good in - ten - tions, 'Tis he who paves the way that
'You think this o - ver af - ter: The man's not al - ways due for

this: An an - gel for ex - pens - ed
goes To the place which no one men - tions. 1 - 3. I'm
joys Who mar - ries girl - ish laugh - ter,

through with roam - ing Ro - me - os, I'm through with hob - bing, bow - ing


bonus, So de-bon - aire and gay, So charming for a day; They pay re -
spects, but that is all they pay! I'm through with sen - ti-ment-al
fires I'm through with tem - pra-ment - al squires; But if you
find a fel-low, Whose green-backs run to yel-low, Who'll give a wife A meal-tick-et for

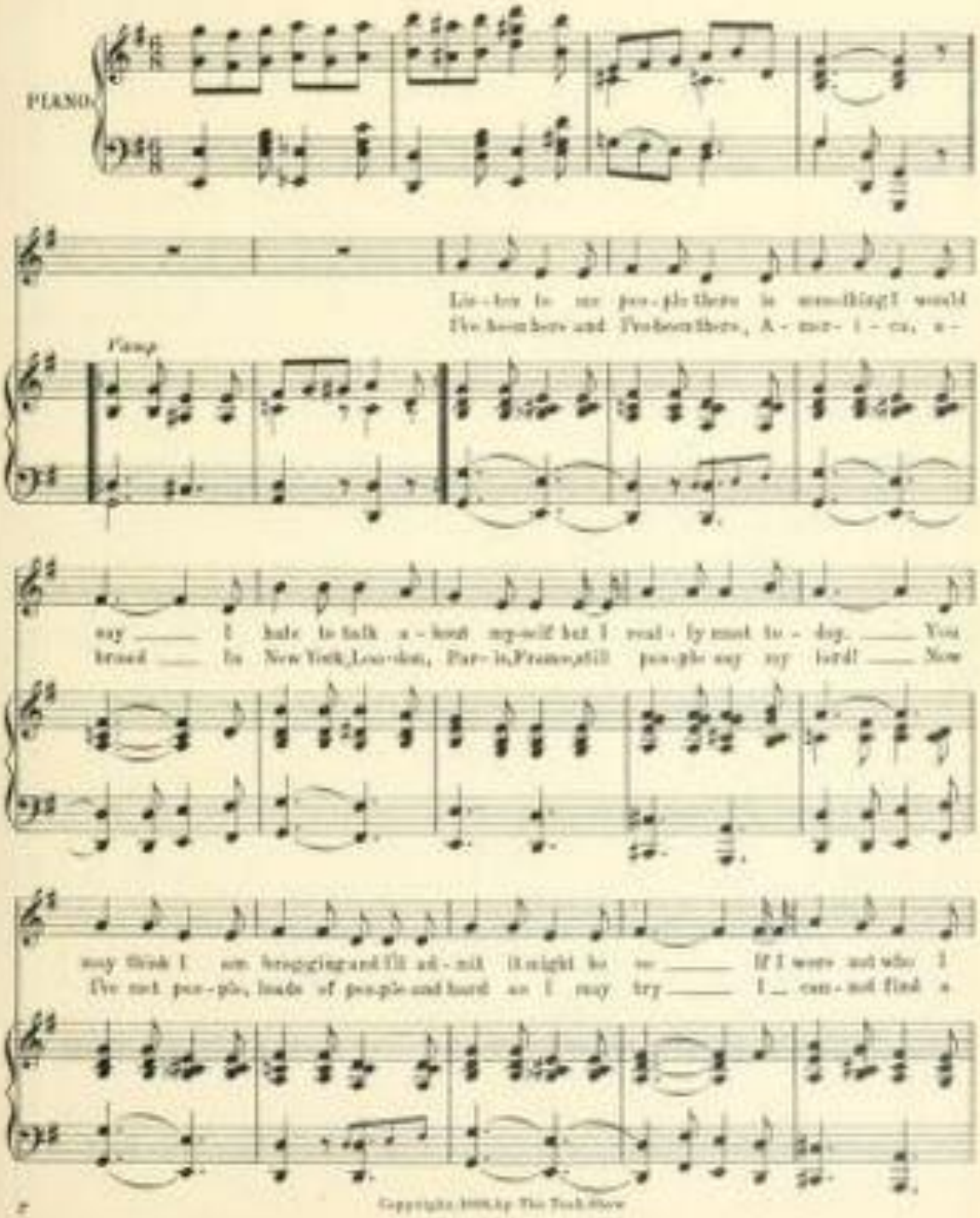

1. Be he weak and halt, With ev - ry kind of fault, But strong e-nough to
life 2. Be his back a creek, His face an all-gone look, But a swell-ing on his
3. Be he blind and lame, His members most-ly game, But thumbs e-nough to
wend his way un - to the safe - ty vault,
chest that hides a fat de - pos - it book 1-3. Why, sim - ply nab him!
hold a pen and sign his bank-ing name,
Grab him! And when you've chained him, kind - ly let me know The number
of his lit-tle ban - ga - lowl lowl

I'm Awfully Fond of Myself

No. 2

JESSE STAM '19

EARL P. COLLINS '18



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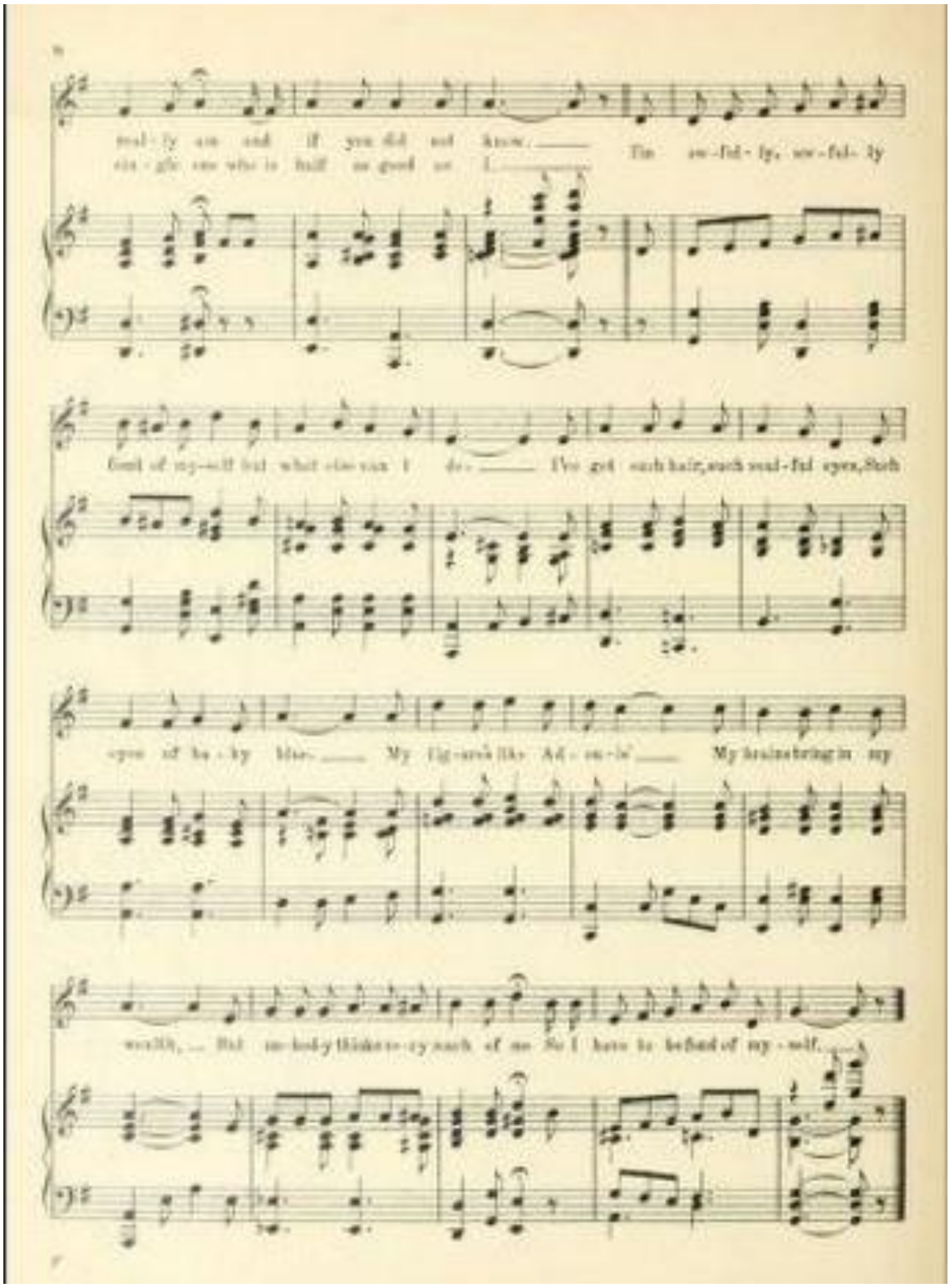
real-ly am and if you did not know. I'm aw-ful-ly, aw-ful-ly
sin-gle one who is half as good as I.
fond of my-self but what else can I do. I've got such hair, such soul-ful eyes, Such
eyes of ba-by blue. My figure's like Ad-on-is' My brains bring in my
wealth, But no-bod-y thinks so-ry much of me So I have to be fond of my-self.

No. 3. Song

Jim

Adelaide

1. When I get think - in' of Jim,
2. When I get start - ed on Jim

Hand-some and strong and so trim,
My heart swells full to the brim,

Sure just the thought of him Thrills me,
I could go on for days, Dwell in,

Sure just the thought of him Fills me Full of dreams of their hap - py old
On his dear lov - in' ways, Tell - in' All the dear lit - tle trifles that he

days, When in my eyes he would gaze;
know, All the dear things he would do

True love I vowed to him, I was so proud of him, My old Jim.
Times sure were gay wit' him, Had such a way wit' him, My old Jim.

Refrain

Like a sol - dier Tall and cap - ti - va - tin', Broad of shoul - der,

Fine and fas-ci-na-tin'! That was Jim, my old Jim, Gay and clev-er,

Glo-ry be! And he was ev-er Full of blar-ney From Kil-lar-ney. Sure my head would

swim ___ When down the block he'd proud-ly stride, His hat cocked on one side! Oh,

cresc.

Jim! Jim! 'Tis no a-die whim. You were some man, my Jim! Jim!

cresc.

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